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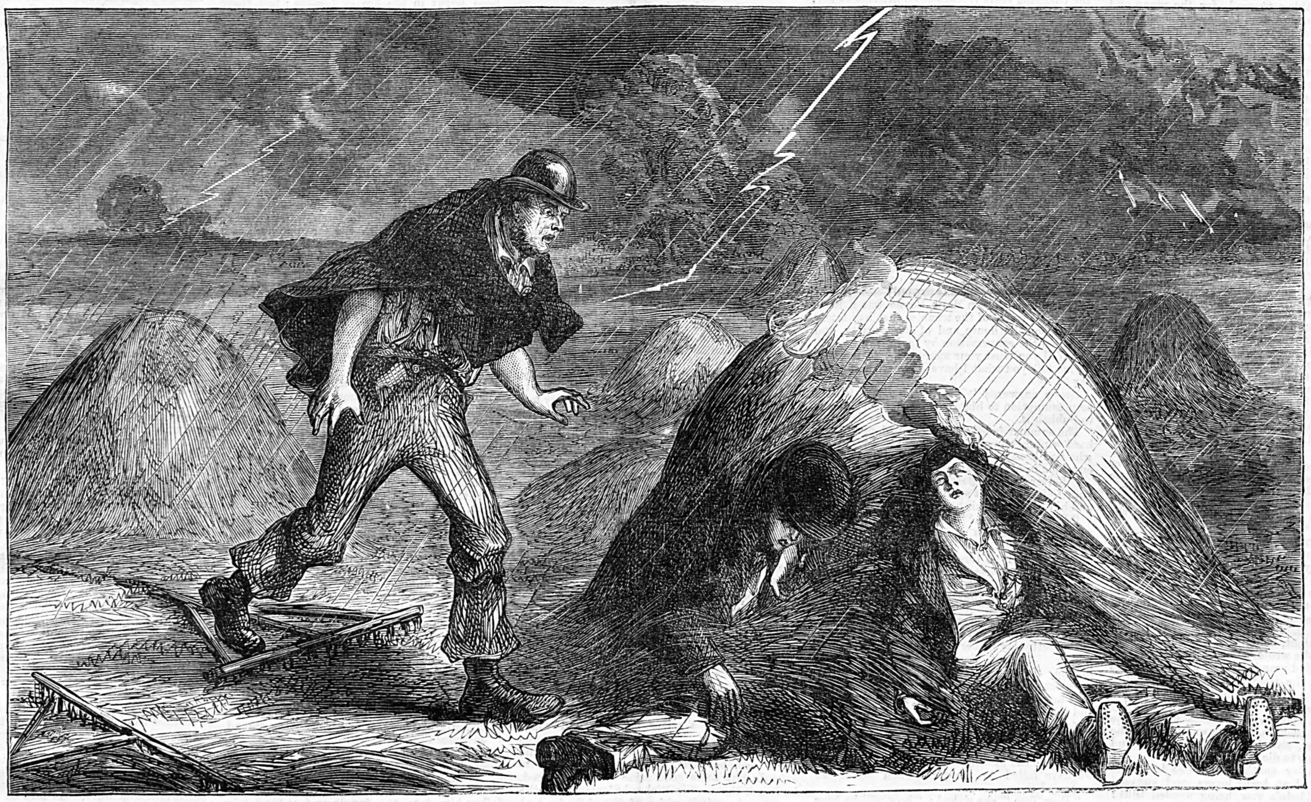
Killed by Lightning.

"Death by the visitation of God," is the customary verdict returned by the coroner's jury when inquests are held on the bodies of unfortunate persons who have been struck and killed by the swift "glittering spear" of the lightning. And these were the words used with reference to the sad fate of the two boys, Joseph Samuel Clarke, aged seventeen, and Robert Anderson, aged ten, who are shown in the illustration on this page, struck down by a fatal flash of lightning close beside a hay-rick whither they had run to shelter themselves from the pouring rain. The scene of this melancholy event was Beresford's-fields, Hackney, London—a district of the metropolis which was recently visited by a violent and destructive thunderstorm. The two lads, along with the father of Anderson, were engaged in hay-making, and, on getting into the shelter of the rick when the storm broke out, they commenced covering themselves with the hay as a protection from the rain. After a dreadful peal of thunder the father noticed one of the boy's caps on fire, and called to him. Receiving no answer, he ran to him, and found his son and the other lad both dead. He stated that at the next moment he felt a shock as though struck by lightning, and fell to the ground insensible, where he was found shortly after the storm subsided. The whole were attended by Dr. Aveling, the divisional surgeon of police, who pronounced life extinct in the two lads, and administered restoratives to the man, who, in the course of an hour, recovered, and was assisted to his home.



KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

Tourists Taking Shelter.

The engraving, with the above title, shows us three tourists—husband, wife, and daughter—who have taken refuge in a Swiss cottage from a sudden rush of summer rain. The gentleman, with binocular in hand, sitting on a low stool, and looking out at the open door, is evidently bent on trying to satisfy himself how long the rain is likely to last. His worthy lady, tired with her exertions, has fallen asleep after partaking of some homely refreshment; while the young lady, who has been accommodated with a pair of old shoes to serve as dry slippers, is endeavouring to extract some information regarding distance or direction which is not furnished by the guide-book that lies on her knee. One of the umbrellas of the party has come to grief in a mountain-gust, and it is in the act of being repaired, with what skill she can command, by the elder female cottager, who, perhaps, feels that, in showing kindness to strangers, she may entertain angels unawares.

Sir Titus Salt, Bart.

On the day fixed for the unveiling, by His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, of the statue of Sir Titus Salt, which has been erected in his honour in front of the Bradford Town Hall, our readers will be gratified to find in this number an engraving of the handsome memorial. Anything like an elaborate account of what Sir Titus Salt has achieved as the greatest woollen manufacturer in England can hardly be needed at this time of day, as the establishment of a great factory, giving work to 4000 hands, and the erection of a model town for the accommodation of the workers are outcomes of business energy of which most people have heard or read.

Sir Titus, who was born at the old Manor House, Morley, between Leeds and Wakefield, in September, 1803, and who was educated at Heath Grammar School, near Wakefield, became a partner with his father in the wool business at Bradford, the title of the firm being "Daniel Salt and Son." In an article in *Household Words* Dickens, with some exaggerative humour, described the circumstance that laid the foundation for the subsequent success and eminence of Sir Titus Salt as a manufacturer. At Liverpool he accidentally lighted upon an ill-favoured sample of Alpaca wool, but, being struck by its appearance, he subjected it to some tests, and these were so satisfactory that he purchased the whole lot, thus taking the initiatory step in what proved to be the introduction of a new article of manufacture, which soon became the staple trade of Bradford and its neighbourhood. Owing to the great increase in the industry, Sir Titus resolved on erecting a new factory on an extentive scale, with all the latest improvements in machinery, and as Bradford and its suburbs were already overcrowded with mills, he fixed upon a tract of land on the banks of the river Aire, above Shipley, where magnificent works, with contiguous houses for the factory hands, were built and completed in 1853, on which occasion the opening was celebrated by a great banquet. The mills, warehouses, and sheds at Saltaire, together with the dye-works and gas-works, cover a total of nine and three-quarter acres. The buildings are of a very superior class, being constructed in the Italian style, with large plate-glass windows, while the arrangements for ventilation, for warming the rooms in winter and keeping them cool in summer, are all of a kind which display forethought in providing for the health and comfort of the workpeople. In the cottages, the schools, the baths and washhouses, the alms-houses (45 in number), the club and institute, and the public park on the banks of the Aire, we see exhibited the same combination of moneyed enterprise with the thoughtful, kindly spirit, which mingles the amenities of life with the hardships of toil. If all the great employers in England had manifested as much interest in the welfare of their workpeople as Sir Titus Salt has done, the relations between masters and men would everywhere be more sympathetic and cordial than they actually are.

The kindness and forethought of the founder of Saltaire have not been unappreciated by its inhabitants. On successive occasions he has been presented with his bust in Carrara marble, his portrait in oil, and other marks of affection and esteem. It was in 1869, when he had taken up his residence at Methley and Crow Nest, that the Queen conferred upon him the title of Baronet, in recognition of his industrial enterprise, his considerate care of his workpeople, and his munificence in the distribution of public gifts.

The memorial, just unveiled at Bradford, may be regarded as the fitting crown of these honours and distinctions. Promoted by men of all shades of politics, it is intended to commemorate the many good deeds performed by Sir Titus, and the great services he has rendered to the worsted district of England by introducing the alpaca and mohair manufactures. The memorial occupies the finest site in the flourishing town of Bradford, midway between the Town Hall and the Mechanics' Institute. It consists of a statue, which was executed by Mr. J. Adams-Acton, sculptor, London, and of a Gothic canopy, which is the workmanship of Messrs. Lockwood and Mawson, architects, Bradford. As the canopy has been designed in the same style as the adjoining Town Hall, the effect is pleasing and harmonious. The main arches of the canopy have spandrels and shields, bearing in the front and back the arms of Sir Titus Salt, Bart., and on the other two sides the arms of Bradford. In the upper stage the arches contain statuettes, representing Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Charity. The spire, which surmounts the whole, rises to a height of forty feet from the street level, and is finished with a foliated finial. The statue, which is of white marble, shut in at the back by tracery work, represents the worthy Baronet in a sitting posture, attired in ordinary costume. Mr. Adams-Acton, the sculptor, has succeeded in cutting an excellent likeness of the original out of a block of Carrara marble, which weighed ten tons. Altogether, the memorial, which reflects credit on everyone connected with its construction, is worthy alike of Sir Titus Salt, in whose honour it has been reared, and of the town of Bradford, which has shown gratitude, in this substantial form, for the development of its manufacturing industries.

Carlist Atrocities.

It is beyond a doubt, says the *Times*, that the Carlist war has assumed a very savage character. We have not been disposed to give a ready credence to the atrocities which have been narrated from time to time. Some have been disproved, some are believed to be exaggerations, some have been confirmed beyond the possibility of doubt. From the beginning of the war several of the Carlist commanders, and notably two or three priests, have been shooting prisoners, ill-using and plundering peasants, and levying contributions on the towns by threats against the inhabitants, which threats have been often fulfilled. But of late these crimes have increased in number and atrocity. Since the defeat in Biscay the temper of the Carlists has been furious. They have publicly declared their intention of giving no quarter, and they have religiously kept their word. There seems to have been cruel butchery after the battle the other day. The murder of the prisoners and wounded is not merely the work of the soldiers, infuriated by the day's fighting. In proclamations and in addresses to the troops the Carlist commanders threaten vengeance against their enemies. When the opportunity comes, they execute it. Such a proclamation was issued from Estella the other day, in expectation of Concha's advance. Unless their chief is grossly belied, he has acted upon it to the letter. A French Legitimist newspaper boasts that Dorregaray has shot three hundred persons. A telegram from our *(Times)* special correspondent at Santander states that, according to a private letter received from Estella from a trustworthy person, a tenth part of the prisoners and all the officers captured were shot by order of Dorregaray. Admitting the probability of exaggeration, we are still constrained to believe that acts of horrible barbarity have been perpetrated. Those taken in arms are not the only victims. Murders of the civil population have been of constant occurrence during the war, on every variety of pretext, sometimes because they refuse or are unable to furnish contributions, sometimes because they are suspected of correspondence with the enemy, or have sons or brothers in the National Army. To this may be added that there has been for the last sixteen months a wanton and wholesale destruction of property, public and private. Railways have been torn up, the bridges have been broken down, the stations have been burnt, the telegraphs have been destroyed. Government buildings have been ransacked and burnt to the ground. Private houses have afforded no protection to the inmates or to the property contained in them. All this has been going on for months, and is likely to be practised now more mercilessly than ever. It is natural to ask whether there is no remedy for a state of things so disgraceful and revolting—whether the civilised nations of the world are obliged, out of respect to the principle of non-interference, to look on without remonstrance while crimes so abominable are committed. Absolute non-interference in the contest, whether in its military or political aspect, is imperatively counselled by prudence, but the influence of the neighbouring Governments might be used to put an end to the worst horrors of the campaign. There is a precedent for such a mediation in the course taken by Lord Palmerston in the former war, Lord Elliot having been sent to remonstrate with the Don Carlos of that day, and to procure the abandonment of the practices which then prevailed. The moral influence of Europe exerted in the cause of humanity cannot be less now than it was nearly forty years ago.

The *Times* special correspondent, writing from Logroño on July 14th, says: "Some men were punished in Estella in a way that I at first refused to believe, but the person whose testimony I have now is too respectable to be doubted for a moment, besides which the reports of others who have seen it and those who have suffered the scourge agree in every respect. Unfortunate men have been taken to the edge of a precipice near Estella, and there unmercifully beaten with sticks till from pain and despair they were forced to jump and dash themselves to pieces at the bottom. This will seem incredible to the civilised world which Dorregaray has condescended to address; but it is not even exaggerated. The Civil Guards, Carabineros, and Volunteers have never had quarter, because the Carlists maintained that the duty of the Civil Guards was to patrol the roads for the protection of travellers, and the duty of Carabineros to watch the coast against smugglers; and as for the Volunteers, they had no right to volunteer to fight against the Carlists.

Immediately after the battle of Peña Muro, I reported that most of the National troops who had been caught wounded in Abarzuza had been murdered, and this has since been confirmed by the Carlists themselves; but there were some who were saved by the interference of officers, and these were taken to Estella. Dorregaray then sent a message to General Echague telling him that he might send carts and people to take the wounded away, and promised that these should not be molested, which promise was not kept.

Farmer Burton's Smart Wife.

"I'm sick and tired of it all," said Bessie Burton. "One day is just like another. It's bake and boil, iron and churn; see that the cows come home; see that the chickens are fed; see that this, that and the other is done. Put the children to bed, and darn their stockings. Sleep a few hours, and at it again. That's what it is to be a farmer's wife."

She wandered down to the garden gate, and looked out into the moonlight road, as she spoke. Then she crossed it, and went into the field beyond, letting down the rough bars and putting them up behind her, with a scornful glance at them as she did so.

After that she made her way to a moss-covered rock, and sat down upon it, looking up at the stars.

She was a pretty woman, delicate, well-educated, and city-bred. A visit to the country had thrown her in the way of a young farmer, and she had become his wife. He had been a rosy-cheeked young fellow, with a crop of golden curls then, and he had been in love and as attentive as other lovers. That was eight years before. Bessie was a young woman still, for she was but seventeen on her wedding-day, but the farmer was very much altered. Eight years of farm work, of sun and wind and battle with "the crops," and wordy contest with the farm hands, had made a somewhat surly man of him. From morning to night he wore rough boots, and a great wide-awake hat. He did not believe in "sprucing up" even on Sundays. It was too much trouble to go to church, too much trouble to put on the white shirt and nice tie that his wife laid out for him. Clean stockings and soft slippers he might be coaxed into, but he liked the rough boots best.

He was getting on, buying more land, gathering more stock together. People knew that he had a decent bank account, that he was going to have "the old man's" money when he died; that he was Tom Burton, and nobody else.

So Bessie went to church with her children, and he never noticed the neat fit of her pretty muslins, or the tiny bows she pinned in her hair. He liked better to see her in her old calicoes at work in the kitchen. As for papers—well, he did take the *Daisybrook Express*, but a "story paper," a "magazine," any periodical the contents of which could interest a woman, that was a thing too absurd to think of. Besides, married women, in his opinion, had no time to read.

"Oh, for the old books in mother's book-case!" thought Bessie, as she sat upon the rock. "If mother only knew how hungry I feel for something to read, for the piano and some of the music I used to play!—for anything that could take me out of myself!"

She put her head down upon her hands, and looked up at the stars again.

If I had married Edwin Lee instead of Tom, I wonder how it would have been?" she asked herself. "I don't think he would have left me all alone, evening after evening, while he lounged about, talking to other men.

"Life would have been very different. A city life, good society, plenty of reading, music and entertainments, and he—oh, dear, I can't imagine *him* in a coloured shirt, with grimy hands and an unshaven chin.

"What a romance it was, after all. It would make a story as interesting as any I ever read. Our loving each other when we were children, our courtship, our quarrel, and how he married Mildred Mead, and then how I married Tom. I declare I will write it, just for fun. I'll write it evenings, when Tom is out and the children abed. Then I shan't be so cross and stupid, perhaps. I'll begin it to-night. I suppose I can make nine or ten pages of it, and when Cissy grows up I can let her see it, just to know what her mother used to be."

Then Bessie arose and went into the house. She took the little kerosene lamp from the sitting-room table, and rummaging in an old book-case, found a quire of paper and some pens, which she carried into her bedroom with her. There she sat down, and with no fear of criticism before her, for no one, as she believed, would ever see her work, she began to write.

The picture that had never faded from her mind—the first day at school, and the fair little boy who had helped her with her arithmetic—was painted in words before the farmer's voice in the hall below recalled her to the present.

She had written five pages already, and the work had amused her more than knitting, or sewing, or any ordinary gossip could have done. She hid the paper in a drawer, and welcomed Tom more benignantly than she could if she had gaped and fretted away his absence. Of course she told him nothing of her fancy, he would have laughed so at it.

The next night, being alone again, she went to work. As she wrote, so many things occurred to her—her kind grandmother's ways, her visits at her house, the time Edwin was asked also, and fell off the woodshed, how the doctor came and put a plaster on his head, and how he lay on grandma's sofa, with his face against the great crimson cushion, looking so white that he frightened her, and how she kissed him and begged him not to die.

One thing after another. How at ten years old they played at being lovers and engaged themselves, Edwin's vow being worded thus: "When I am a big man, and you are a big lady, you'll be for my wife, and I'll be for yours." Then they had exchanged bead rings, made of blue beads, strung on horse-hairs, which the milkman had given them from the tail of his steed, when he brought his cans with a war-whoop to the front door in the early morning.

At that point paper failed her, and she was obliged to ask for cash. She deliberated for a long time whether it would be a very dreadful thing to say that the frying-pan was broken, and found herself too conscientious to fib. So she made a glorious pudding, and Tom being stuffed with it, hinted at her desire for money "to buy materials."

"Thought you had cotton enough for a year," said Tom; but he gave her money, and Bessie spent it all in paper, blue foolscap, the whole stock of the shop-keeper.

Nevertheless, she wrote on. The winter came and evenings grew longer, and whenever she had time she used it to go on with her story. She had written all her childhood's memories down, and had come to that seventeenth year of hers when her little romance was played out, when the quarrel caused by a silly lie parted them; the tortures of that "breaking off," the moment when the paper was put into her hand, in which she read of that loveless marriage between Edwin and the girl he married to spite Bessie. All this she recorded; and how, ten days after, Maggie Holden, being thrown from her carriage, and lying at death's door, confessed to the falsehood that parted them, and said:

"Bessie, I wanted him myself. I thought I'd get him if you parted, but you see I failed. I've only made you both wretched."

Then, when she had written this, Bessie paused. For days she wrote no more.

It seemed to her as if she should leave her story there; but she did not.

One Sunday evening the farmer stayed at home. He sat by the fire and talked to Bessie. He wore his white shirt, and had had his straggling hair cut, and his chin shaved; and strangest of all, when the children had gone to bed, and the help, with many a yawn, betaken herself to her garret, Tom took his wife's hand in his, and said:

"Remember old courtin' times, Bessie? I do. Thought of 'em coming across the low park last night. You ain't no plainer than what you was then, not a half! You keep your looks wonderful. And we ha'nt got on bad, have we? Never one quarrel."

She leaned up against him then.

"You *do* love me, Tom?" said she.

"Reckon I do," said Tom. "Why, 'twasn't every city young woman, with chances like your'n, would have had me, and I've a notion 'taint one of 'em would have made such a farmer's wife."

Bessie felt happier than she had felt for months, and the next night she finished her story.

She drew a picture of a farmer's family; of a young son, with yellow curls all over his head; of the girl with the memory of a broken love in her heart, who went to win strength and health again; of a new love that arose, phœnix like, from the ashes of the dead one, and she ended with a wedding.

Her story was done. She did not wish to touch upon her wedded life. Tom loved her, after all. She was happier than many wives. Men had curious ways of showing their feelings. She must put up with it, and try to be happy.

Then she copied her story, tied it with blue ribbon, gave it a name, and hid it away carefully.

Some day her daughter should read it—no one else.

The years glided on. With them came trouble to the farmer. His father married again, and willed his money to his second wife. Some of the stock died; frost and freshet injured the crops. Tom was not jolly enough to spend his evenings at the store; he sat at home and moped. In the summer things looked worse, and Bessie, hoping to help a little, advertised for summer boarders.

Her advertisement was answered, and her work increased by the arrival of a party of ladies and gentlemen. Bessie had arranged the best bed-rooms for them, and to one old gentleman she gave the apartment she had always written in. How it happened Bessie did not know, but when she cleared the bureau drawers she left her manuscript story in one of them. In the changing years it had lost its interest to her, and was forgotten. Fate works for us when we leave things in her hands sometimes, and Bessie found it so.

One morning, as she sat upon her porch shelling peas, her old gentleman boarder came and sat beside her.

"You've had an authoress here, I see," he said.

"No, sir," said Bessie.

"But some one has left a manuscript novel in my room," said the gentleman. "I am a book publisher, you know, and know manuscript at sight. It was a queer thing for a publisher to do, but I read it. It is very fine; simple and natural. If I could find the author, I think I should like a talk with her. Can you guess at her name?"

"Oh, *I* wrote that," said Bessie. "I passed my winter evenings over it, one year. A little story that I knew to be true, and it grew under my pen. I used to scribble a great deal when I was a girl—bits of poetry, and essays, and all sorts of nonsense. That is my only story."

The old gentleman drew Bessie out a little more. He heard of the troubles that had lately fallen upon the house and of her anxiety, and he ended the conversation by saying:

"Will you trust your manuscript to me, and let me tell you what I have done with it some day?"

Bessie answered "Yes." She felt it would be presumption to hint that perhaps he meant to publish it.

The summer faded. The guests departed. A hard winter followed. On Christmas-eve, Tom, who had been to the station, came in with an envelope in his hands.

"Letter for you, Bessie," he said. "Reckon your folks have writ again." Then he sat down and hid his face in his hands.

"What is it, Tom?" asked his wife.

"Oh, Bessie, it's come at last!" said the farmer. "I can't pay old Screw off, and the mortgage will be foreclosed. We'll have to leave this place, Bess, and start the world poor as we were born. I wish I was dead. Then you could go home to your folks. It's a pity you ever had me, Bess."

"If I could only do something!" sighed Bessie. "Try to bear it, Tom; I will."

The letter lay in her lap unopened for a long while. At last Tom went to sleep on the lounge. It was a dreary Christmas-eve. No prospect of any merry-making next day for that household. The wind rattled the casement, and shook the door as if phantom hands had clutched it from without.

Bessie had not loved a farmer's life, but now that she was to leave the old home it grew dear to her; as the blessings we lose ever do, though we have failed to recognise them while we possessed them.

"Poor Tom!" she sighed; "how will he bear it, to begin again, at his age? I think it will kill him."

And she sat watching him, turning the letter in her hands mechanically.

At last she opened it. A strange handwriting met her eye:

"Mrs. Burton—Dear Madam:"

Who could have written to her? Bessie read on, in a sort of tremor:

"Dear Madam: When I carried your manuscript away with me, I scarcely hoped for the result of which I have to inform you.

"I felt that I incurred a little risk in publishing it. Yet it suited me so well that I did so. Other people liked it as well. To-day I am able to enclose you a cheque for £700.

"There was no agreement between us, but if you will come to London, we will draw up the proper papers. I foresee a splendid success for your work. Its first fruits promise splendidly.

"Yours, ——."

The letter dropped from Bessie's hand, and she fell upon her knees beside Tom's lounge.

"Tom," she cried, "wake up. I've got so much to tell you."

It was a long story and hard for Tom to understand; but the check and the letter proved that Bessie was not crazy.

That money saved the homestead; and more came before long. Bessie was able to gratify her taste for reading and to educate her children. She wrote several more books, and amassed a neat little fortune. The farm flourished, and Tom, to whom hard cash was proof unanswerable, made up his mind that a wife who could make money like that must be the smartest woman living, and ought to have time to make it in. And that is the commonplace end of the story of Bessie's story; but, after all, it has made her very happy, and Tom is so much more attentive to his wife in his age than he was in his youth, that she believes she never could have been so well contented had she married any other man under the sun.

Three Flowers in One.

She shows a cheek as delicately pale
As any frail, untimely, foundling flower
On the Spring's threshold dropt when storms prevail,
The prodigal gift of an imprudent hour.
But would you see
This white anemone
Straightway become the daintiest of blush-roses?
Wait till she sits communing silently
With her clear thoughts; less shy when she supposes
That no eyes trace
Her fancies on her face;
And then, unseen, behind her, bend your lips
To that fine ear and whisper—just a name.
First, ravishing pink doth this smooth snow eclipse,
Pure as the heart from which its nurture came.
Then—wonder upon wonders—our blush-rose
Gradual into the deepest damask grows.
Rare trinity of snow and flush and flame,
Sprung from a maiden's innocent, sweet shame.

—*Howard Glyndon.*

Clubs.

The first English club of which we know anything had a French name, "La Cour de Bonne Compagnie," founded in the reign of Henry IV. Chaucer probably belonged to that corps of good fellows, also the worthy old poet Occleve. It was professedly a dining club.

Think of the meetings at the Mermaid, where Ben Jonson, Raleigh, and the immortal Will entered with spirit into the brilliant word-sparring. Raleigh founded this club, and astonished the world by introducing the potato and smoking tobacco.

Ben Jonson also founded a club, the Apollo, which met at the Devil Tavern. His bust surmounted the door and his own words of welcome to every congenial spirit who entered the portal:

> Welcome all who lead or follow
> To the oracle of Apollo.
> Here he speaks out of his pottle
> Or the tripos, his tower bottle.
> All his answers are divine,
> Truth itself doth flow in wine.
> Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
> Cries old Sam, the prince of skinkers.
> He the half of life abuses
> That sits watering with the muses;
> Those dull girls no good can mean us.
> Wine it is the milk of Venus,
> And, the poet's horse accounted,
> Ply it, and you all are mounted.
> 'Tis the true Phebeian liquor,
> Cheers the brain, makes it the quicker,
> Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
> And at once three senses pleases.
> Welcome all who lead or follow
> To the oracle of Apollo.

He also composed the "Leges Convivales," which were engraven in marble over the fire-place of the club-room. These laws were full of good advice and moral precepts, not always kept, I fancy, by the great Ben himself. Each member was allowed to bring his "female mate" to grace the scene, and all fops and sots were tabooed.

When Addison returned from his former tour he was at once introduced to the Kit-Cat Club, of which he soon became the pride and ornament.

This famous club has a threefold celebrity, political, literary, and artistic, the great society of Whig leaders formed about 1700. They met at a pastry-cooks, who made superlative mutton pies. His name was Christopher, his sign "The Cat and Fiddle;" hence the quaint name of the club, of which Horace Walpole said that its members included not only the wits of the time, but the patriots who saved Britain. Again we are told that the name of the noted pieman was Christopher Katt. The *Spectator* alleges that Kit-Kat was the name of the pie itself, as we now say a sandwich, and quotes from a prologue: "A Kit-Kat is a supper for a lord." Dr. Arbuthnot gives another solution, deriving the name of the club from their gallant custom of toasting the reigning beauties after dinner:

> Whence deathless Kit-Kat took its name,
> Few critics can unriddle;
> Some say from pastry-cook it came,
> And some from Cat and Fiddle.
> From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
> Gray statesmen or green wits,
> But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
> Of old Cats and young kits.

Their toasting-glasses were inscribed with poetical compliments to the ladies thus honoured. Sir Samuel Garth, physician to George I., was a witty member, and wrote some of these inscriptions. Coming one night to the club, Garth declared he must soon be gone, having many patients to attend; but some good wine being produced, he forgot them. Sir Richard Steele was of the party, and reminding him of the visits he had to pay, Garth immediately pulled out his list, which numbered fifteen, and said, "It's no great matter whether I see them to-night or not, for nine out of them have such bad constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't save them, and the other six have such good constitutions that all the physicians in the world can't kill them."

But the very ace of clubs was that charming coterie, nine in number, who gathered round gruff old Dr. Johnson—the club *par excellence*. I often wonder why Johnson exercised such a power—such a charm—while living, and why he is so admiringly remembered. His greatest work was a dictionary. A lexicographer is not usually immortal. We avail ourselves of his drudgery and forget the man. His essays are most heavy, verbose, and grandiloquent; in conversation he was insufferably rude and dictatorial. Yet Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds, and even Burke, are in the background as we call up that rare assemblage. Dirty as he was, and rough, with bitten nails and shabby wig all askew, with his whale-like spouts and odd gesticulations, and senseless superstitions, and overweening conceit, he has more lasting hold upon us than all the rest.

Burke, whom no one else could talk down, said meekly, "It is enough for me to have rung the bell to him." This was wonderful submission from that brilliant, inexhaustible talker, of whom Johnson said, "I cannot say he is good at listening. So desirous is he to talk, that if one is speaking at this end of the table he'll speak to somebody at the other end." Yes, the great bear snubbed every one, and was admired in spite of it. He loved David Garrick dearly, yet when he knew of the actor's desire to be of them, he growled, "He'll be of us! how does he know we will permit him?" How characteristic is his remark to poor, dear, blundering Goldy, who, forgetting or stumbling over this exclusiveness, thought an increase of numbers would give agreeable variety to their meetings; for, said he, "There can be nothing new among us—we have travelled over each other's minds." "Sir," said Johnson, "you have not travelled over *my* mind, I promise you."

Not counting Boswell, who was really nobody, there was but one stupid person in that famous nine, Hawkins by name, who was so stingy that he begged to be excused from paying his share of the reckoning, as he forbore to partake of the suppers. His existence has been described as a kind of pompous, parsimonious drawl, and a clever epitaph shows us the man:

> Here lies Sir John Hawkins,
> Without his shoes and stauckins.

But he was elbowed out after a year or two.

Johnson's nature was eminently *clubbable*, and he formed several other delightful clubs. It is to him we owe that very convenient word, he applying it first to Bozzy, whose presence at those memorable meetings, though a nuisance to the rest, was agreeable to his hero, for reasons quite apparent.

It would be pleasant to dwell at length upon other well-known clubs and the club life of many brilliant men. Of the Athenæum, with its twelve hundred members, whose records contain bitter *bons mots* from the poet Rogers, and innumerable jokes from Theodore Hook, who was a great card there. Of Brookes's, still popular in London, which can count among its celebrities Burke and Reynolds, Garrick and Hume, Horace Walpole, Gibbon and Sheridan and Wilberforce; Fox also, always losing at the faro table, who after his last shilling had gone would go to his lodgings and forget his misery in Herodotus. Sheridan's wit ran riot there; neither high nor humble were spared by his effervescence. Meeting the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York one day as he was leaving the club: "We've just been discussing, Sherry," said the Duke, "whether you are rogue or fool." "I am between both, your Royal Highness," he replied, taking an arm of each before passing on. Of the Garrick Club, that popular rendevous for literary men, from James Smith "(of Rejected Addresses") to Thackeray, who dined for the last time away from home in its cosy coffee-room. A choice spirit of the Garrick was "Tom Hill," an antiquarian and bibliomaniac who knew everthing and everybody. Although he was not more than eighty when he died, his friends affected to consider him a modern Methuselah, and his age was the standard joke. James Smith once said it was impossible to discover his age, for the parish register had been burnt in the fire of London; but Hook capped this: "Pooh, pooh! he's one of the little Hills that are spoken of as skipping in the Psalms."

Slaying the Man-Eater.

It was during one of my morning rides in a wild district of North-Western India that I came upon a group of villagers in great distress to judge by their loud lamentations, and on approaching them saw a pitiable sight; the mangled corpse of a girl lay in their midst. The evening before, she had gone down to the river, which flowed close by, to fetch water; and as she was returning, with the jar upon her head, a tiger sprang upon her from a neighbouring thicket, and, as easily as a cat would a mouse, carried her screaming into the jungle, in sight of several of her friends and relatives.

At the time they were paralysed, but at sunrise the bravest men of the village had armed themselves, some merely with their swords and shields, others with matchlocks, and had ventured into the cover, where they found the half-devoured remains which now lay before me.

My appearance gave a new turn to the thoughts of the ryots, whose lamentations were exchanged for expressions of delight at the arrival of the Burrah-sahib, who would deliver them from their foe and avenge the poor girl's death; and I suppose a true sportsman would have felt nothing but elation in the prospect of hunting so grand a quarry as a man-eater. But the horrible fate of the poor child was all I could think of as I cantered on to the encampment, not half a mile distant.

I determined to do what I could that very day to rid the district of the ferocious brute while the villagers were still excited by the tragedy of the night before. And they responded readily enough to my call, a large proportion of the male inhabitants offering themselves as beaters, and being marshalled under the direction of two middle-aged men who had often conducted similar enterprises in the days of my predecessor.

After consulting with my sporting peon, I selected a tree not far from the river, and about fifty yards off the edge of the jungle, as the most commanding spot. The trunk was entire for some fifteen feet from the ground, and then branched off in four directions, making a snug little platform, where, rugs being spread, I ensconced myself, with two rifles and the peon. My reason for retaining the latter, instead of sending him to direct the beaters, or posting him in another tree, was this: If the tiger refused to break I intended to follow him into the jungle on foot, and take the chance of killing him with a shot between the eyes. I knew that it was a foolhardy thing for the coolest and most unerring shot to do, and hoped that it would not be necessary. But I was determined, at all hazards, to take vengeance upon that man-eater if it were possible; and in the event of pursuing him to his lair, I should require the services of the peon, both to track the beast and to hand me my second rifle.

I had hardly taken post before distant yells, the firing of matchlocks, and the occasional whiz of a rocket told that the beat had begun.

Never shall I forget the excitement, the flutter of nerves which I experienced as I knelt in my perch, rifle in hand, watching eagerly for the appearance of the tiger, listening intently for any crackling or rustling of bushes which should betoken his approach.

Had he come out during the first quarter of an hour, I believe that I must have missed him; but as time wore on I grew calmer, until I regained complete possession of my faculties. Soon weariness began to grow upon me, for one of the many sporting virtues in which I am deficient is patience, and above all the other iniquities of the tiger, that of not coming out to be shot, became pre-eminent.

When nearly two hours had passed, I felt immensely tempted to descend and try to find the beast, as he would not show himself; and in order to conquer this insane impulse I lit a cheroot, and settled myself in a comfortable position to enjoy it.

Whether it was the soothing effect of the tobacco or the heat, for the atmosphere was stifling, another change came over me, and I began to find that I was very comfortable where I was, and to relish in a dreamy manner the strangeness of the situation.

All around me was most perfectly still, save for the occasional chatter of a monkey, or chirp of a bird, while in the distance there rose a confused medley of sounds—the blowing of horns, the firing of blank cartridges, and the peculiar unearthly cry which the Indian raises, by placing both hands before his mouth and blowing into them. I perfectly remember thinking to myself how much better off I was at rest, and in the shade, at the moment that the peon suddenly grasped my arm, and pointed to the edge of the jungle in the direction of the river. I looked, and felt a sensation hitherto unknown as I saw an enormous tiger stealing out of the reeds not sixty paces from me.

I at once, and for the first time, understood the fascination which draws the hunter from home, friends, and civilisation, to lead the life and endure the company of savages in fever-haunted swamps.

No excitement that I had hitherto experienced ever gave me one-hundreth part the pleasure I felt at that moment. But description is impossible; I have often tried to express the sensation, and failed utterly. Words seem so cold. The aspect of that grand creature, the tiger, in captivity, can give the beholder no idea of the combination of grace, ferocity, strength, activity which impresses one who sees it in its native forests.

I cocked both locks of my rifle, and pressed the caps to see that they were firmly down on the nipples. I felt no nervousness now; the fear of missing, which has often brought about that result when in pursuit of meaner game, never occurred to me; hand, eye, and rifle seemed to be identical with volition as I raised the weapon.

He had moved: the head and flank were visible, but a tree intercepted my aim at the more deadly part.

I paused.

The shouts and firing of the beaters came nearer, and, with a deep growl, the magnificent beast strode on, stately and majestic.

Aiming carefully and steadily at his shoulder, I pressed the trigger, and heard with joy a "thud" which told that the bullet had struck the living target.

With an awful roar to which nothing in nature is worthy to be compared, save thunder in the tropics, he sprang forward, looking right and left for his assailant. Again I fired, and the huge beast fell, but quickly recovering himself, turned and crawled back into the reeds.

"Goolee mar khyar! He has eaten a bullet!" cried the peon in delight as he handed me the second rifle, and ere the man-eater reached cover I had put two more into him.

Descending from the tree, and reloading both rifles, I prepared to follow the wounded animal—not through ignorance that the act was a violation of all sporting rules, for no Indian can avoid having the danger of it constantly pointed out to him, but because I did not know what else to do. It was less dangerous for me to approach than for the natives, who were armed merely with matchlocks or swords; and as for leaving the work uncompleted, that I could not think of.

Directly I had fired the first shot, scouts in the highest trees had communicated in some manner with the beaters, who immediately ceased their clamour; so it was in perfect stillness that I stepped into the reeds, closely followed by my peon.

The trail was there broad enough, and marked with a great deal of blood, some of that frothy description which told of a shot through the lungs. I almost expected to find the tiger dead, but knowing the extreme tenacity of life in the feline tribe, advanced very slowly and cautiously. Fortunately the reeds were very thin just there, which much diminished the danger, and we had not advanced twenty paces before we could see him lying stretched out, not crouching for a spring — alive indeed, but wounded to the death.

The rustle of the reeds as I advanced my rifle through them caused him to stir, as if endeavouring to rouse himself for a final effort for revenge. I aimed at the heart and fired. With a wild roar he sprang up and stood, not five yards off, facing me. But before he could spring, if indeed he had strength to do it, the contents of my second barrel were poured between his eyes, and rearing up on his hind legs, he fell over, dead.

The natives now came trooping round, and their joy and triumph knew no bounds. Having singed their enemy's whiskers, to guard against being haunted by his spirit, they proceeded to shower upon him every abuse and insult which they could think of.

That evening, as I sat in front of my tent after dinner, smoking my hokah, I saw the villagers bringing home the man-eater, mounted on a waggon and crowned with flowers, in triumph; and if a short-hand writer could have taken down their extemporised pæans for the benefit of posterity, people a thousand years hence might think that your humble servant had been an ancient demigod.—*Cassell's Magazine.*

On the 17th of April, 1725, John Rudge bequeathed twenty shillings a year to the parish of Trysell, Shropshire, to fee a poor man to go about the church and keep the people awake. Less liberal, Richard Dovey, of Farmcote, gave eight shillings to another parish for the same purpose; while, in Cheshire, the church-warden performed this duty. As late as thirty years ago, a wand, forked at one end, so as to catch the nape of the neck, was employed; but more gallant in temper, in another place, a fox's brush was at one end, for the ladies, while the hard end was applied to the men. It must have been in one of these parishes that Jobson declared he liked to go to church, as he *sat still and thought about nothing!* But such sleeping is not all bad. Dean Ramsay says that the Earl of Lauderdale suffered from Insomnia, and baffled the doctors. They could not get the earl to sleep. Whether he was a descendant of Dr. South's Lauderdale or no we cannot tell, but his son, who was "simple," said: "Sen' for that preaching man frae Livingstone, for fayther aye sleeps in the kirk." It was done, says the Dean, and with the best result.

Ducats in Herrings' Mouths.—On one occasion, as young Sebastian Bach was hurrying back to Lüneburg after a long, studious and dinnerless day, he halted at a roadside inn, from whence issued a most appetising odour, and anxiously examined his purse in the hope that some forgotten coin might turn up. Alas! it was empty; but as he stood looking at it disconsolate the window above him opened, a voice called his attention in a singularly winning tone, and two herrings' heads were thrown out. At the sight of this delicacy, so much esteemed in Lüneburg and its environs, his mouth watered. He eagerly picked them up, and was further delighted by finding a Danish ducat in the mouth of each herring, so that he was not only enabled to make a sumptuous meal, but shortly after to undertake a journey under more favourable auspices than usual. He never knew who his kind-hearted benefactor was.

News Miscellany.

Prosecution of a Photographer.—A domiciliary visit recently paid to a photographer in the Rue Taitbout, Paris, led to the seizure of numerous photographs which represented the Prince Imperial in the act of delivering his speech at Chislehurst on the attainment of his majority, the speech itself being given on the back without any printer's name. This he was required to disclose, and photographer and printer both have been prosecuted. They pleaded ignorance of legal formalities, but were fined 100f. each.

Shooting a Counsel in Court.—A most extraordinary scene took place at the Manor Hall, a Court of Justice, at Yonkers, Winchester County, U.S., on the 30th ult. The Court had been occupied with the trial of an action brought by Pierre Milliot, a Frenchman, against his father-in-law, August Lachaume, for the purpose of setting aside a conveyance of property, and the case had been adjourned for a fortnight. Just as the Court was about to rise Lachaume (the defendant) suddenly sprang behind Mr. James P. Saunders, the counsel for Milliot, and with a six-barrelled revolver shot him in the back of the neck. Mr. Saunders, on receiving the shot, leaped upon the bench and took shelter behind the judge's desk, but Lachaume followed him and shot him again in the left side. Lachaume made no attempt to escape, but gave up the revolver and surrendered himself to the police, remarking that Saunders had been trying to ruin him for the last fifteen years. The wounded man was very severely injured, but his medical attendants entertained some hope that he had not been struck in a vital part.

Savage Maltreatment of a Mayor.—The Mayor of the Commune of Pleigne, in the Bernese Jura, was returning from Delémont when he was assailed by the son of a municipal councillor as he was quietly walking by the side of his carriage. The assailant advanced towards him with a stone in either hand, exclaiming, "Stop, I am going to give you the stamp *(cachet)* of the Commune," at the moment aiming a stone at his head. The mayor was felled by the blow, and although insensible from its effects, his savage foe continued the assault with stones and blows from his fists. The mayor was carried to his home, whilst his assailant took to his heels, and had not been captured when the latest accounts left.

Distinguished Convicts at Dartmoor.—The Claimant is to arrive at Dartmoor convict establishment shortly, but as he will be placed with the tailoring gang, in which occupation he is being instructed, visitors will only be able to see him during the exercising half-hour. Bidwell, the Bank of England forger, is at Dartmoor, and seems in a very complacent frame of mind. So also is Captain Dashwood, who fleeced so many tradesmen by daringly personating the the Duke of St. Albans. His time will shortly expire, having been lessened by his good behaviour, although his artfulness has necessitated incessant watching. Lately, a discharged convict was fetched away by his father, a wealthy merchant, in a carriage and four horses. He was originally convicted of forging his father's name, the father being the nominal and unwilling prosecutor. The convicts have just completed an extensive and massively built new wing, fitted with every appliance for safety and convenience which ingenuity and experience could suggest. The cells are twice as large as the old cells. For the army of convicts now at Dartmoor 3000 loaves are baked daily.

Remarkable Case of Gratitude. — Several years ago, while the Tom Thumb troupe were travelling through New York, the cash box containing several hundred dollars of the funds was stolen. Mr. William P. Miller, who was then treasurer of the troupe, suspected a girl who was employed at the hotel in the place where they then were, and his suspicions were further confirmed by her sudden disappearance. He managed, however, to get track of her after some time had elapsed, and worked up the case so well that she confessed to him that she had taken the money to purchase a wedding outfit, and that the marriage was soon to take place. She refunded half of the stolen money, and Mr. Miller decided not to prosecute her for the balance. Shortly after she married a wealthy English gentleman, who was engaged in the lumber business in Chicago. Not many years had elapsed when her husband died, leaving her all of his property. A few months ago she also died, and in her will she left to Mr. Miller the sum of 300,000 dols., as an expression of her gratitude for not having prosecuted her when in his power. Mr. Miller, who is now of the firm of Miller, Morrisson & Co., New York, recently received a letter from her administrator stating that he could draw on him for 100,000 dols. at any time.

A Swindling Scandal.—One of the most recent swindling scandals has occurred in connection with pigeon shooting, writes a London correspondent. The amount of betting on this species of sport has of late years become quite extraordinary, and people who would think it sinful to take the odds on the Derby or the Two Thousand Guineas, are not above risking a ten pound note on the prowess of a Hurlingham dead shot. It has come about, therefore, that middlemen have entered the lists, who are prepared to take the odds against this champion or that, just as occurs on the Epsom or Newmarket courses. Once betting begins, cheating is sure to follow; and it has been discovered that attempts are made to turn the results of the various matches according to the liking of the "ring." For instance, the man who loads the guns was discovered the other day to have primed the barrels with about an ounce and a quarter of steel filings, separated some number of inches from the powder. Apart from the danger to the man who used the weapon, it is quite clear that he could have very little success in his aim; and if pigeon shooting, as a fashionable amusement, is to be continued, gentlemen will have to take the trouble of loading their own rifles.

The Bride of an Hour.—There are some (says the *New York Tribune*) who are so wise as to be donkeys. When a man has just been married he is expected and permitted to make a fool of himself, but not after the manner of this bridegroom in Osceola, Iowa. After having led this lady to the altar of a justice of the peace, as the bridal procession of two proceeded homeward, this idiot began to tell his new wife what she must do and what she must not do, and how she must be obedient and always let her beloved lord and master have his own way. No woman of ordinary spirit could be expected to stand this; and the Iowa Bride of an Hour bolted back to her mother and father. Divorce proceedings, the marriage being such a new one, were not thought to be necessary, and the Bridegroom of an Hour has started for the extreme West, to exhibit in new fields his unspeakable sagacity.

Wholesale Massacre.—A correspondent writing to the *Gold News* (Transvaal Republic) from New Scotland under date of the 8th April, says that a fearful massacre of Amaswazies has taken place, nearly 30,000 men, women, and children being indiscriminately slaughtered and their kraals destroyed. Umbabasau, a great witchcraft doctor from Natal, was also killed with all his followers. The cause of this dreadful affair is the death of Lodomgo, king of the Amaswazies, who was poisoned last March by his uncle Umdwandwa. This man who was at the head of the Kraal when the King's death was made known, was surrounded by the people and killed. An army was then mustered, and starting off to Umdwandwa's head kraal, they murdered the whole of the people there, and proceeding to every kraal in the district killed all the natives they came across.

Expected Retreat of Nomad Tribes. — A Berlin correspondent writes under date July 11: "According to Russian intelligence, that portion of the Tekke Turcomans who are hostile to Russia are preparing to remove their goods and chattels to Persian and Afghan territory. Frightened by the steady approach of the Northern conquerors, it would appear the tribes nomadising in and about Merv are contemplating a retreat in the southern and eastern direction. The indications of their intending to move towards Khorassan and Herat have lately become so threatening as to cause serious disquietude both at Teheran and Cabul. As a primary measure for warding off the coming danger, the Persian Government have ordered a telegraph to be laid down along the Turcoman frontier as far as Meshed. While coming events are thus casting their shadows before on the eastern confines of Central Asia, the western borders of the region are being rendered more and more accessible by the indefatigable toil of the Russian civil and military services. The survey of the land between Orenburg and Samara has been all but completed, so that the construction of this important line of railway will probably be commenced before the first snow. To add water communication to the advantages of railway traffic, an expedition is being equipped to inspect the country between the Amu Darya and the Caspian preparatory to the re-opening of the old canal between the two. This expedition, which will start in August, is to consist chiefly of topographers and engineers, under the command of Colonel Tillo. With a view to further Russian progress in another quarter of the same continent, a Commission has been appointed to report upon the expediency of establishing steam navigation on Lake Baikal. The labours of the Commission are to be hurried on as much as possible, it being apprehended that, as the Chinese have recently learnt to construct steamers on the shores of the Pacific, they may be tempted to turn their new accomplishment to account before long on the banks of some of the large Mongol rivers."

Terrible Fatalities.—We have before us one of the most heart-rending cases that ever met my eyes. We learn through the *Wayne County* (Tenn.) *Citizen* that one Mr. Bennett Kyle and two of his children came to their untimely death. Mr. Kyle, now living in Arkansas, was at a near neighbour's house-raising, and Mrs. Kyle with the smaller of her two children, went to a spring close by to do her washing. After being engaged some time she heard a scream from her little girl, whom she had left at the house, and, hastening to the scene, it was her horror to behold a huge rattlesnake lying there with its fangs fastened in the child's arm. She succeeded in killing the snake, and then thinking of her child, which she had left at the spring, hastened there, only to find that this one had climbed up to the tub of water, fell in, and was drowned. This being too much for her to stand, she ran with all her might to the neighbour's where the house-raising was, and, screaming with excitement, called for her husband, who at the time was up on the building, and he, through excitement in trying to get down, pulled a piece of timber off upon him and fell, killing him instantly. The friends then went back to where the child and snake were, only to find each dead lying on the floor. This all happened within thirty minutes, and we can but imagine the poor mother and wife's grief at such a scene.

Boat Accident on the Lake of Geneva.—We (*Continental Herald*) stated lately that a pinnace, bottom upwards, had been found floating in the Lake near Versoix, and that there was reason to fear that its occupants had been drowned. From later particulars received it would appear that five men who had attempted to cross the lake in the boat on Sunday week were lost. Four Italian masons working at Nyon left that town in the morning on an excursion to Nernier, on the Savoy side, and accomplished the passage across in safety. When about to return at night they were joined by a German Swiss, who wished to catch the last train from Nyon to Geneva, and the five left Nernier together in the boat at about seven o'clock. Between nine o'clock and midnight cries proceeding from the lake were heard by persons on the Vaudois shore, but as the night was calm and fine no one thought they came from a boat in distress. It is supposed that in changing oars one of the men fell out of the boat, and that the others were precipitated into the water in their efforts to save him. All the Italians were good swimmers, and as articles of clothing belonging to three of them were found floating in the lake, they apparently made an unsuccessful effort to swim to the shore. The oldest of the Italians was only twenty-five years of age, and none of them were married. The name of the German is not known. The bodies of the unfortunate men have not yet been recovered.

Freaks of a Demoniac.—A strange man was observed to conduct himself in an extraordinary manner at Bold, near St. Helens. He was running about the fields, tearing up hedges, plunging into the ditches, and trying to bury himself in the soft clay. When arrested he was sheathed in mud all over, particularly on the head, with which he had tried to burrow. He accounted for his conduct by stating that he wanted to disinter his brother, whose body had been buried there; and on further enquiries being made he said his name was Barclay Winters, that he was by occupation a draper's assistant, and that he belonged to Ballybeg, Ireland. He was removed to St. Helens, where he was seen by the parish medical officer, and ordered to be taken to the workhouse. The poor fellow was in a pitiable plight, and had evidently been drinking heavily.

Old Maids in China.—There was a time (says the *Pall-mall Gazette*) when "old maids" were looked upon with an eye of pity, if not contempt, and it was thought that marriage alone gave women any claim to consideration. Of late years, however, there has been a change of opinion in this respect, and unmarried women not only rank as high in general estimation as their married sisters, but bid fair soon to surpass them. Nor is this to be wondered at. A very few years ago it was a rare sight to see a married woman dancing at any ball given in the London season, whereas now wives dance with greater pertinacity than their sisters or daughters, and balls are even given expressly for married women. The character of the British matron has, in fact, completely changed—instead of being grave and decorous, she has become a hopping, skipping creature, delighting every one by her grace and activity, but at the same time losing in weight, moral as well as physical, what she gains in enjoyment. In the meantime the spinster is rapidly rising—scorning flirtation, she leaves vain pursuits to the wife and mother. The Emperor of China has set a good example in the encouragement of spinsters. According to a Shanghai journal, he has just decreed that special honours be paid to two old maids, one of whom lately died after a life of devotion to the memory of her betrothed; while the other, who is still living, declined in her youthful days to make a most tempting match, on the ground that she could not leave her home. Some few old ladies in England have an equal claim to recognition of their merits, and it would both elevate and appease them if they were in like manner rewarded.

Outrage in Lima.—A Reuter's telegram from Lima states that on the evening of the 3rd ult., shortly after seven o'clock, a band of robbers, over twenty in number, openly attacked a house situated in a principal street of this city, and occupied by one of its most prominent citizens. Six robbers guarded the doorway, four occupied the principal drawing-room, and the rest ransacked the house. They menaced and ill-treated the ladies, and carried off every valuable they could discover, and broke the furniture. On the police coming to the rescue they were withstood by the robbers, who managed to effect a retreat with their booty. Two policemen were killed. Among the spectators of the *emeute* a mason was shot and a woman seriously wounded. Four men have been arrested on suspicion of being connected with the outrage.

The Jews in America.—Judaism in the United States of America does not appear to flourish. The last letter of the New York correspondent of the *Jewish Chronicle* is a jeremiad. A little over a year ago there was only one Jewish rabbi in all New York able to preach in English. No college existed, one that had been opened at Philadelphia had failed, and no Jewish young men showed any inclination to enter the ministry and become preacher, shochet, chazan, bal tekea, or bal korah, "on as lean a salary as ever blessed a Methodist itinerant." Judaism was apparently in a dying state. The prospect of 70,000 Israelites with but one English preacher, and he verging on threescore years and ten, was melancholy for the professors of the faith. A slight improvement has, however, taken place within the past year. There are now several gentlemen, most of them foreigners, able to preach occasionally in English. One of them, Mr. Henry S. Jacobs, excites high hope in the Jewish community. Mr. Jacobs has just been elected preacher of the Nineteenth-street Synagogue (Portuguese), his lectures "having given much satisfaction, at a salary of 5000 dollars a year."

The Town of Tenedos Burnt. — A great portion of the town of Tenedos has been destroyed by a fire. Tenedos itself is a collection of old wooden houses huddled together in the most approved Eastern style, and is divided by a small space into two parts, the Christian and Mussulman. This neutral ground did much to arrest the progress of the flames. The fire commenced in the Christian quarter, which, despite the gallant exertions of the blue jackets, who were landed from the English fleet, was quickly consumed. The Turks, however, escaped with the loss of a few buildings. Eight hundred houses have been burnt to the ground, and this in a place of only 5000 inhabitants, so you may well imagine that want and misery prevail on all sides. Some biscuit was given by the fleet, and the Turkish authorities are sending tents and provisions. Only two deaths have been so far reported, but we are waiting anxiously for further details, fearing the worst has not yet been told.

Severe Earthquake at Utah.—The *Salt Lake Herald* says that about midnight of the 18th of June that city and vicinity received a shaking up, an earthquake being the cause. Dishes on the shelves were rattled, lamps were shaken about, chairs and bedsteads were made to dance, and movable things generally were shoved around. People had a big scare, but no one, so far as heard from, was injured, nor was any damage done to property. There were several vibrations, the shock continuing for about ten seconds. The earthquake was the most severe known in the valley since its settlement.

The Voyage to Australia.—The *Melbourne Argus* says: The voyage between Great Britain and this colony, although long in point of time, is generally considered one of the safest trips a ship can make, and there is ample justification for this opinion from the fact that, although many hundreds of vessels have come here since the port was of any note, the number of partial or total shipwrecks has been very limited when compared with the disasters perpetually occurring on the Atlantic and other voyages. To this pleasant state of things, however, on the Australian voyage there has occurred a grievous interruption during the last few months. Passing by the dismasting of the ship Dallam Tower, which was bound to New Zealand, but which put in here to refit, we have the Cambridgeshire come in lately, almost as great a wreck as the Dallam Tower, and we have tidings of two ships—the Loch Ard, from Glasgow, and John Kerr, from Liverpool—both bound here, having been spoken at sea dismasted. The Loch Ard, it will be recollected, had lost her masts previously, and had put back to Greenock to refit, and had thus suffered a second mishap. The Loch Maree, on her voyage from Glasgow for Melbourne, was partially dismasted, and put back to Gibraltar, where she refitted, new spars having been sent out to her by special steamer. Of two other ships due here—the British Admiral and Rhoderic Dhu—we hear that the former put back to Queenstown with loss of masts and spars, and that the latter had also been disabled and had her decks swept, and had gone into Falmouth to repair damages. The most serious casualties happening on the home voyage have been those of the Erie, which put into Valparaiso in such condition that her cargo had to be sent home in another vessel; and the Somersetshire, which went into the same port with loss of spars, bulwarks, &c. A preponderance of the vessels above noted are iron ships, and, so far from being old and unseaworthy, they are quite new and on their first voyage. All of them doubtless encountered weather more or less tempestuous; but still we have not heard of the gales being of such exceptional severity that a new ship, well built and equipped, could not hold her own against them. Other causes are assigned, and by some it is alleged that overloading, especially where the cargo consists largely of dead weight, has something to do with it. Others affirm that the material and workmanship are at fault, the iron made use of having been inferior in quality and not tough enough to stand the tortion to which it has been subjected. Objection has also been made that the large iron clippers recently constructed are overmasted, and that where there is a strong breeze and a full spread of canvas the strain must be something enormous.

Sooty Statues in London.—The condition in which the atmosphere of London leaves our statues and public monuments is (says the *Globe*) now so complacently accepted that any suggestion for amendment in this matter might be regarded as revolutionary. The inhabitants of London have become accustomed to believe that the material of bronze is very much like soot. They are reconciled to glorifying their heroes in this mournful guise, and a brighter or more pleasing appearance, even if it could be secured, might be held as inconsistent with the sentiment of regret which should hang round the illustrious dead. It may be mentioned, however, that some experiments have recently been made as to the best means of preserving bronze from the attacks of the climate, and it is found that by periodic washings with a strong douche of water, not only is a texture preserved, but a very finepolish, resembling that of the Florentine bronzes, is secured. Certainly we might well do something in imitation of the care taken by the ancients of their public monuments. Pausanias mentions the use of oil to preserve the ivory statue of Jupiter, and that water was employed with the statue of Minerva in the Parthenon. It might be possible, perhaps, if we could be prevailed upon to relinquish our affection for the "customary suit of solemn black" which now clothes our statues, to turn water upon them during the night. Already we go so far as to water our streets, and it would not be very extravagant to give the same privileges to statues.

Garden Parties at Chiswick.—The most magnificent weather, a blaze of sunshine and cooling winds, favoured the last garden party given by the Prince and Princess of Wales, at Chiswick, and the beautiful gardens, with their wealth of shade, and their bright sparkling river boundary never looked to greater advantage. Every class in London was there, not merely those who have inherited greatness, but those who have achieved it; and in thus making welcome the "men of the time" who have won their position by the exercise of their talents, the highest personages of the land have set an example to the mushroom nobility and *nouveaux riches*, who pretend to ignore the claims of the professors of literature and art to what is nowadays humorously called "society." The good people of the western suburbs regard these Chiswick gatherings in the light of *fête* days; from Kensington outwards the edges of the pavement are lined with gazers, as are the open windows of the houses and the balconies, hung in many cases with crimson cloth. The regimental band music was without cessation, and towards the close of the entertainment all the company was gathered in a huge semicircle round the lady instrumentalists, whose performances in Vienna at the Blümen Salle, during the time of the Exhibition, first attracted attention.

Swiss Highwaymen.—A few evenings ago a man, residing at Alle in the Bernese Jura, started on foot for Chaux-de-Fonds, carrying a satchel which contained money. Near Caquarelle he fell in with three men who proposed to join company with him, and who offered to carry his bag by turns. Arrived at the farm of Montruesselin the former offered to treat his companions in return for their aid. It was dark when they quitted the farm, and the party had not proceeded far, when the three men at a given signal pounced upon their victim and inflicted upon him so much injury with their sticks that they left him for dead, carrying his effects with them. He remained insensible on the spot until the following morning, when he contrived to crawl back to the farm, where he had to remain some time before he could be removed to his home; and it is yet uncertain whether he will survive the effects of the ruffianly attack. The culprits have been captured, and make the excuse that they imagined they were attacking the Curé of Saignelégier.

New Way to Pay Old Debts.—The Montenegrins appear to understand thoroughly the art of giving "relief to the embarrassed," and have a short way with debtors which saves an infinity of trouble. The Smyrna correspondent of the *Levant Herald* reports a disagreeable affair which occurred the other day in the village of Narlikeni, which, although containing a population of two thousand souls, does not contain a single policeman, and is, therefore, a place where freedom flourishes undisturbed by constabulary interference. One of the villagers owed a Montenegrin living in Narlikeni the trifling sum of twelve piastres, and being unable to pay him at once went to the house where his creditor was engaged as gardener or groom, and begged him to grant a delay of a few days. The Montenegrin, probably thinking it would be a kindness to put his unfortunate debtor out of his misery without further worry, drew a pistol and shot him dead on the spot; then with singular good feeling took his departure from the scene of the distressing event, and embarked for Beyrout without any attempt being made to arrest him. In consequence of this catastrophe it is suggested that the Montenegrins be disarmed. In the meantime it might be advisable for the villagers of Narlikeni in their dealings with the Montenegrins to adopt the "ready-money system."

Exhibition of Relics.—An exhibition of relics is now being held in the Cathedral of Aix La Chapelle. The remarks of the *St. Fohanner Zeitung* upon the matter will be read with interest: Of pretendedly genuine dresses of the Virgin Mary there exist more than 800; of hair-combs, if all those attributed to her be genuine, she must have had 530; and if the collectors of relics be right she used for the infant Christ not less than 400 swaddling clothes. Of Christ's palls more than 50 are found; and to the Holy Cross, which is said to have been discovered towards the end of the fourth century, Catholic tradition attributes the power of after-growth, so that every pious and wise pilgrim may have a chip of it without diminution of its bulk.

The Orange and Green in Australia.—In Australia, it would appear the orange and the green melt into one generous colour of national fraternity. A Melbourne newspaper records a recent celebration of St. Patrick's Day at Ballarat. "The Irish Protestants in orange and blue, and the Catholics in green marched together behind the same band, and away to the same sports to enjoy themselves in the same national festival." These united Irishmen have thus made a second and a happier country at the Antipodes. Why must our fellow-citizens of the sister kingdom pass to the other side of the globe before they can learn to live together in peace and concord? No doubt at Ballarat they are too busy and too prosperous to fall out for a rag of colour or a shibboleth two centuries old. Cannot the busy and prosperous citizens of Ulster agree to forgive and forget the quarrels of their forefathers and to abolish all anniversaries but St. Patrick's Day? There can be no decent pretext for fighting over the feast of a saint who was, after all, not an Irishman, but a Somersetshire man, and son of the Mayor of Bath. Our Melbourne contemporary remarks that "Home Rule would not appear quite so absurd if all Irishmen were like those of Ballarat." We are not so sure of that; for moderation and common sense generally go together. But the fact that the peace of a flourishing province can only be kept on a certain day in July every year by doubled garrisons and reinforcements of constabulary is evidently not conducive to the belief that the Irish at home would in the event of Home Rule survive to celebrate many anniversaries of the Twelfth of July.

Japanese Idols Cast at Sheffield.—It appears (says *Iron*) that the Japanese, finding that the old forms, at least, of heathenism do not fit well with the new civilisation they are so eagerly adopting, are getting rid of their old gods. The Chinese have been called the English of the East; we may look upon the Japanese as a sort of Oriental Scotch; they are not throwing away their idols, but selling them. These are chiefly of metal, and of the precious metals in many cases, and the Mikado is making almost as good a thing out of his Reformation as Henry the Eighth did of his. It is in this way that we ascertain the birth-place of at least one of these discarded representatives of the gods of Japan, which is advertised for sale in the following terms: "For sale, at Kama-Kura, a very fine idol with six arms. It is fifteen feet high, and was cast in bronze, at Sheffield."

Lighting Railway Carriages.—The difficulty of lighting railway carriages with gas has hitherto been found insurmountable—at least for journeys of great length. In the first place, the ordinary gas reservoir was too cumbrous, and even if this defect had been met by pumping the gas into strong retorts under pressure, so as to carry it in a smaller space, the lighting power would have been considerably impaired. Herr Julias Pintsch, of Berlin, has now mastered the difficulty. He abandons coal gas altogether, and makes his gas from oil. He packs it in iron retorts at a pressure of 90lbs. to the square inch, and supplies it to the lamps through an ingenious regulator. Some few of the Continental railways have already adopted this system of lighting. In England an experimental carriage has been fitted with it on the London and North-Western Railway, and has been running some weeks. The *Engineer* tells us that it carries gas enough in a receiver, made of wrought iron ⅜in. thick, 5ft. 10in. long, and 1ft. 4½in. in diameter, to run twice to Holyhead and back, sufficient gas being left for a further run to Chester, if necessary. In other words, the carriage carries gas for over 1000 miles.

A Murderous Plot in a Penitentiary.—The Warden of the Hudson County Penitentiary at Snake-Hill, New Jersey, discovered recently a plot on the part of four of the prisoners to murder the night watchman and release all the inmates of the institution, to the number of about 300. About a month ago Hartman Vreeland, one of the under-keepers, lost his revolver while in charge of a gang of convicts, and although the most thorough search was made the weapon could not be found. It was suspected that some one of the gang in Vreeland's charge had got possession of it. Among the gang was one Rudolph Pahud, an old criminal from Hoboken, who was serving a five-year term for burglary and larceny. He had already served a term in State prison, and has two years yet to serve in the Penitentiary. Pahud and three others, named Howard Flint, Oscar Perkins, and a sailor named Leonard, were more strongly suspected than the others, and a closer watch kept upon them. Warden Post's observation led him to believe that this quarter was engaged in a plot of some sort, and it was determined to make a thorough examination of their cells. The Warden, with Underkeeper Miller and two assistants, began the examination, but found nothing suspicious until they came to Pahud's cell, which adjoined the black cell, where refractory prisoners are confined. Here in the upper right-hand corner was found a square hole dug in the brick wall, in which were concealed cold chisels, hammers, and other implements. The whole had been neatly covered with a piece of paper whitewashed so as to resemble the interior of the cell. The four men were immediately brought into the building and confined in separate cells. Then they were conducted one by one to the Warden's office and closely questioned. From Flint, on whose person the missing revolver was found, the Warden learned the full particulars of the plot. When they were coming in from work Flint was to pass the weapon to Pahud, and Leonard was to create a disturbance in the corridor so as to be confined in the black cell. Then when no one but night watchman Pierce was on duty Pahud was to break through the remaining thickness of the wall in his cell and pass the revolver through the hole to Leonard. This accomplished, the latter would call the watchman to give him a drink of water, which would necessitate the opening of the door of his cell, and as soon as it was opened he would shoot the watchman, take the keys from him and proceed to liberate his accomplices first and then all the other prisoners in the institution. From the desperate character of the men concerned in the plot it is thought they would not have had any scruples about committing the murder necessary to carry it out successfully. The shackles on Pahud's ancles were found to have been nearly filed through and the space filled up with putty and shoemaker's wax. A ball and chain has been put upon each of the desperadoes, and they will be put on a diet of bread and water.

Alpine Roses.—The real Alpine rose (*rhodedendron ferrugineum*), with the rust-coloured hue underneath the leaves, according to a correspondent, is growing in the Schneisingen Forest, near Schneisingen, Canton of Aargau. On starting, of course with a guide, from the high-lying church of the village, in the direction of the Ethal, and going across the wooded plateau of Bowald, in about 40 minutes, in an open wood of mixed growth, a little garden, or rather preserve, of Alpine roses is reached. It is supposed to be the only one in the Jura, and was discovered about three years ago, when the parish of Schneisingen took it under its especial protection by having the little colony fenced in and appointing a guardian in the person of its forester, who allows no one to gather the flowers. Our correspondent had the pleasure of seeing about 50 plants in full bloom, the branches and leaves also looking very healthy. He does not state, unfortunately, the altitude of the spot.

It is pleasant to see that temperance has made way among the clergy. Think of the parish of Darlington providing "six quarts of sack to the minister to preach when he had no minister to assist him." Or this item: "For a pint of brandy when Mr. Geo. Bill preached here, one and fourpence." In the same place, "when the Dean of Denham preached, spent in a treat in the house, three and sixpence." At Preston, in 1791, the vestry ordered "two bottles of wine to any strange clergyman who shall at any time preach." We hope the strange preachers "commuted."

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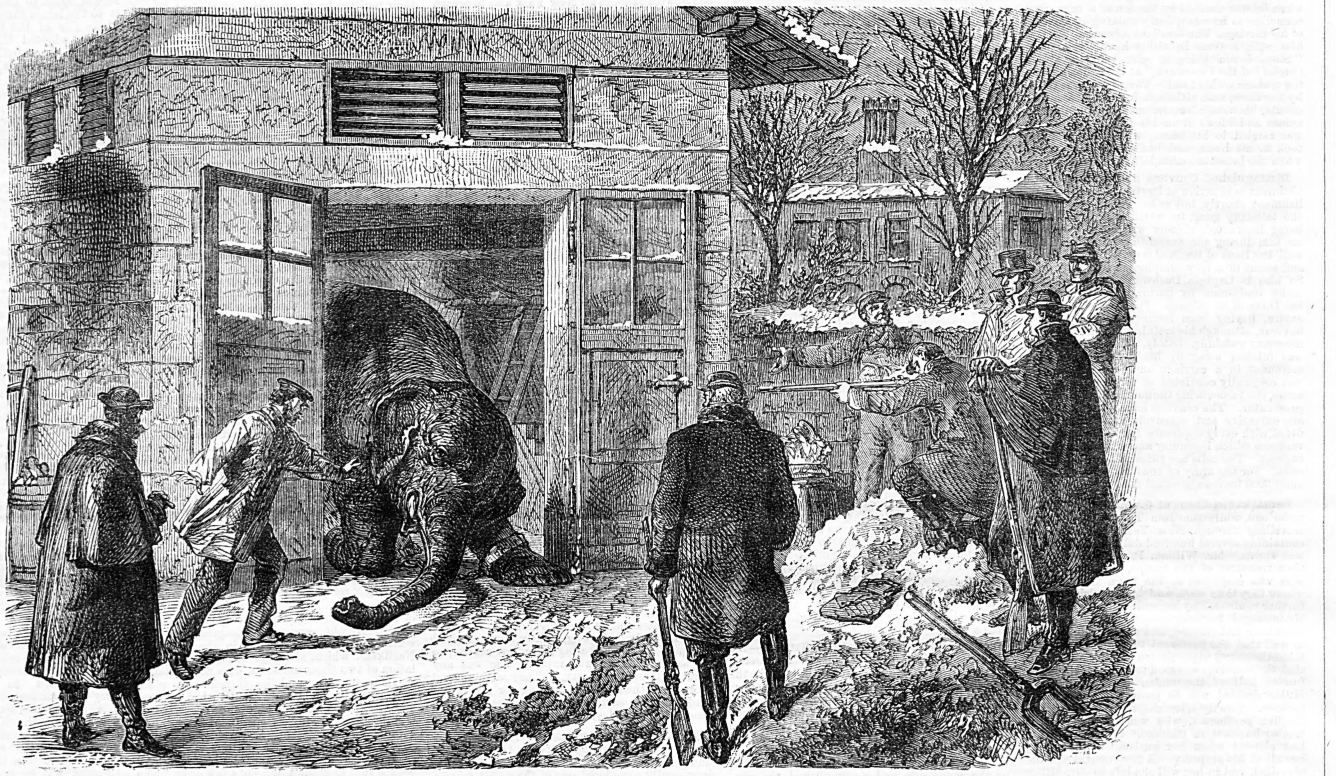
CHAPTER VII.

WITH THE WIDOW.

Two or three lady-like scrawls in scented envelopes, that bore the traces of children's sticky fingers, were lying on Marian's table, when she listlessly turned over the odds and ends that had accumulated during her illness.



DONE TO DEATH.

As she glanced through these notes and saw what urgent appeals for her presence they contained, she began to reproach herself for having so long forgotten the existence of Mrs. Lacey and her wounded relative.

She would go to the widow at once. Anything would be better than having to evade Letty's looks and questions, or breathe the same air with Godfrey Darwin; and leaving a message to account for her absence, she dressed and went. But in her present state of mind it required no small amount of courage to walk down the High-street, where every third person she met knew Mrs. Darwin's pretty sister.

Would those people smile and bow so obsequiously if they guessed the secret she carried with her? Alas! the day might not be far off when she would shrink with still greater self-abatement from their notice—from the scornful fingers that would point to her as the kinswoman of a murderer.

In a sort of desperate mood she acknowledged the greetings she received—called up a smile for a trio of damsels who stopped her to say how immensely grieved they had been to hear of her illness—and how jolly it was to see her so much better—and then she went on to Mrs. Lacey's.

The indolent widow's face brightened when she saw her visitor, and she half rose to meet her. There was no exaggeration in her expressions of pleasure. She knew that Marian's character was a more energetic one than her own, and so she liked to lean upon her; in fact, to have such a bright, clever girl at hand to take the domestic responsibilities off her shoulders.

Colonel Lacey was progressing favourably, though slowly; but she had been almost worried to death ever since Marian's last visit. The kitchen boiler would not act, and cook was quite cross because she had not been downstairs to look at it. “So ridiculous of her, isn't it, Marian, dear? because my looking at it wouldn't be of the smallest use, would it?”

“But you might write to the smith, and ask him to call and inspect it.”

“Of course, dear; the very thing I proposed; and I promised cook that I would do so; but somehow my time is so taken up that something or other is sure to be forgotten. I fancy my desk is somewhere about.”

“It is here; shall I write for you?”

“Mrs. Lacey looked infinitely relieved, and with hands folded in her lap, sat in the laziest of attitudes, watching Marian write, address, and dispatch the note.

“What a treasure you are, dear! If you had been here yesterday I should not have lost one of my best camisoles.”

“But how in the world,” cried Marian, astonished into an exclamation, “could I have prevented it?”

“Why you see, dear, my clothes get lost at the laundress's, and Harriet insists that it is through her unpardonable carelessness. For two whole hours those miserable women were scolding each other, and appealing to me, till I was so worn out that I was glad to say anything; and yet I feel sure that one camisole out of my last set is missing, and Harriet is sulky because I did not second her when she said so. Servants are the plagues of one's life, are not they?”

“I think you are making Harriet a poor return for her endeavours to recover your lost property. Why not let her take an inventory of the articles committed to her care?”

“If she would do it without expecting me to help her, I should be only too glad; but don't propose it, Marian dear; it would involve a rout of my drawers, and I detest routs; it's so long before one can find one's things after they have been put to rights.”

A tremendous crash overhead startled both the ladies, and Mrs. Lacey, sinking helplessly back, sighed “Oh! those poor popsies, what have they done now?”

“Shall I ring, or go to them?” asked her friend.

“Thank you, dear; but if they don't scream very loud, I think we may conclude that it's nothing serious; and I'm obliged to overlook trifling disasters on account of the Colonel. All my pretty toilet bottles are broken, Marian; those you used to admire so much.”

“But I cannot understand why Colonel Lacey's illness should occasion such wholesale destruction,” said the perplexed Marian.

“La, dear, how is it to be avoided? You know my poor darlings have never been curbed, and that I rather like to hear the sound of their voices, so that it is dreadfully hard upon them to be continually told that they must not do this, that, or the other, for fear it should disturb their uncle. So I am obliged to let them have the range of my own apartments, and give them leave to amuse themselves there to reconcile them to these restrictions.”

Marian could not resist laughing at the mental picture she formed of the chaos there must be in that upper region, and good, easy Mrs. Lacey laughed with her, but roused herself directly after to say, “Really, though it is no jesting matter, for between my visits to my poor brother, and the many journies upstairs that I have to make in order to settle the children's disputes, I get tired to death. I am very much thinner than I was. Marian, dear, it is no use talking; I must have a governess. It is a duty I owe to myself to take care of my health, isn't it?”

“Then have a governess, by all means,” replied her young adviser; “you know how often I have begged you to do so.”

“Yes, I remember; but you forget, dear, how many difficulties there are in the way.”

“Not insuperable ones. Are not the *Times* and *Telegraph* full of applications from ladies for such posts?”

“Very true,” said Mrs. Lacey, thoughtfully; “but if I answered an advertisement, or wrote to the Governess's Institution, I might get hold of someone who would not fall into my plans; or who would be fussy, or cross to the poor popsies, and that would be worse than having no one at all; much worse.”

“But if you advertise and state your requirements clearly, you need not accept the first person who offers herself.”

Mrs. Lacey sat up in her chair to protest against this plan.

“I can never advertise. I have heard of ladies receiving from fifty to a hundred applicants. Imagine the fatigue of having to see such an immense number of people! I'm not equal to the undertaking, Marian dear; pray don't urge me; I couldn't do it.”

“I suppose not,” Marian replied musingly. “Nor with an invalid in the house would it be wise to risk many knocks and rings. But if you request all answers to be by letter—*poste restante*—we can look them over, and select the most eligible.”

In this Mrs. Lacey concurred, and it was decided that her friend should write an advertisement at once, and drop it into a letter-box on her way home.

Accordingly Marian began, but had scarcely written a couple of lines when she pushed away the paper, and commenced restlessly moving about the room. Mrs. Lacey, who had taken up a periodical and was interested in a plate of fashions, did not notice this till her inquiry as to the correct name for certain trimmings received no reply. Then she looked up to ask, “Have you finished your note, dear? Are the pens too bad? I'm afraid those naughty children have thrown the rest away because they wanted the box to bury a bird in.”

Marian came and sat down beside her, with burning cheek and twitching mouth. “Mrs. Lacey,” she said abruptly, “will you have *me?*”

Mrs. Lacey stared at her stupidly.

“Have you, dear?”

“Yes, as governess to Nina and Minnie. I will do my work faithfully.”

She could say no more, but waited with breathless eagerness for her friend's reply. Mrs. Lacey's implied want offered an opening for escape from a life that was now intolerable—a life spent beneath the roof of Godfrey Darwin—a life that involved such constant terror and concealment, that her heart failed her whenever she dwelt upon it.

“Marian, my dear child,” Mrs. Lacey answered at last, “what are you thinking about? As if Mrs. Darwin would let you lower yourself in that way!”

“Letty has nothing to do with it; Letty shall not interfere. If I tell her that it will make me happy, she loves me too well to oppose me. Dear Mrs. Lacey, if you feel that you can trust me with your children don't say no.”

“As for trusting you with the popsies, Marian, I have always admitted that you manage them better than I do. I'm inclined to fancy that I am too yielding sometimes; not that it signifies so long as the dear little things are happy and not *too* mischievous. Did I tell you how that naughty Nina cut up one of my bonnet strings for her doll, and I cannot match the ribbon? Provoking, isn't it? and yet I could not help laughing; the bonnet looked so droll with only one string. But are you really in earnest, Marian? Would you make such a sacrifice of yourself for my sake?”

“I am terribly in earnest. I am quite tired of my idleness, and there is nothing I should like better than living with you, except leaving Meadsley altogether. Yet, no; I could not resolve to quit this neighbourhood.”

Mrs. Lacey took Marian's cold hand between her own plump palms.

“Then it's a settled thing, my dear, and you must come as soon as you can. I think I can guess what has happened. Mr. Darwin opposes a certain match, and you would like to leave home till poor Percy is better able to claim you. I shall be delighted to have you here, but pray don't say any more about teaching the popsies. I couldn't in conscience let you incur the headaches and weariness of mind and body involved in such fagging work.”

Marian knew that it would be a waste of time to argue upon this decision, for she was but too well aware that in accepting the home so freely offered she would be taking upon her own shoulders all the responsibilities that sat so lightly on her friend's. But she rather liked the prospect. Inactivity just now was dreadfully depressing, and she looked something more like her own self when she kissed Mrs. Lacey, and promised to take up her abode with her on the following day.

There remained, however, an awkward task which *must* be performed, and that directly. Mrs. Darwin must be made acquainted with her plans; and, eager to get this trouble over, Marian went to her sister's room as soon as she reached home.

“Letty, dear, don't be surprised; I am going to pay a long visit to Mrs. Lacey. She is rather overburdened just now with her romping little ones and invalid brother, and I hope to help her through some of her difficulties.”

“And Percy!” asked Mrs. Darwin, putting down her work, that she might turn into look into her sister's face.

It grew white and mournful beneath her steady gaze. “I shall not consult him Letty. In fact—for it is no use attempting to conceal it from you any longer—Percy and I have parted.”

Mrs. Darwin began to speak eagerly, but Marian stopped her.

“It is useless remonstrating on the prudence or imprudence of what I have done. It is too late, and only tortures me. If you have any pity for what I am suffering, do not mention his name again!”

Her voice had risen into a passionate wail, for she was not half as courageous as she had fancied herself.

Mrs. Darwin was perplexed and unhappy. “But Marian, dear, any difference you may have had with Mr. Balfour ought not to drive you away from us. I will beg Godfrey to decline the partnership. I will——”

“You need not,” Marian interposed. “I think, nay I am almost certain, that Percy will quit Meadsley, and I *must* go to Mrs. Lacey's. It's selfish—it's cruelly selfish to leave you, Letty; but don't blame me for it. I feel as if I could not stay here!”

Although still in the dark as to the cause of the lovers' quarrel, Mrs. Darwin could see that her sister was suffering deeply; she therefore decided that, under the circumstances, it would be both wise and kind to let her follow her own inclinations, and remove for a time from a house where Percy's visits and love suit would be constantly recalled to her memory.

With an affectionate embrace she yielded the point, and, little dreaming that Marian never intended returning, she followed her to her room, and insisted in helping her to pack the clothes, &c., she proposed taking.

“But, Marian, you'll not have room here for those books; you must have a larger trunk. Is there anything in this one?” and Mrs. Darwin tried to lift the lid of the box in the closet which contained the desk and its contents.

Marian sprang from her knees and caught hold of her sister's hands. “Don't, Letty, don't!” she gasped. “There's nothing of any consequence in that, and—and its locked, and—do come away, or we shall never have done.”

Though surprised at her vehemence, Mrs. Darwin returned to the packing, but Marian seemed to have forgotten her eagerness to have it finished. With contracted brows she stood leaning against the closet door gazing at the trunk, asking herself what she was to do with it; and whether it would be safe to leave it where there would always be the risk of some curious servant tampering with the lock and prying into its contents.

On the other hand, the idea of carrying it with her wherever she went was too repugnant to be entertained. It no longer entered her mind to destroy the proof of Godfrey Darwin's guilt; beyond her first eager and natural desire to conceal it from Letty's eyes, she had no distinct thought regarding it. The tress of Margaret Grant's grey hair had twisted itself into her troubled brain till it had clogged in into helpless incapability. For the first time in her life a crime had come very near to her, and it would be long—who could say how long!—before she overcame the first shock of the event.

At last Mrs. Darwin aroused her from her reverie.

“I have put your work-box in this corner, Marian; look, it fits nicely. Now for your desk, and your drawing-box; I suppose you'll take them?”

“Thanks, Letty; but it's time you dressed for dinner, and I can very well manage the rest myself,” she contrived to say.

“But you'll come down, too, will you not? Godfrey will think it so strange, and I cannot bear to leave you fretting here in solitude.”

Marian returned her affectionate embrace, but was not to be persuaded; and Letty knew not whether to be glad or sorry at her decision when she found Percy Balfour in the dining-room with her husband.

The young man looked miserably harrassed. After a long wrestle with his pride, he had indulged in the pleasant thought that he should find Marian repenting her unkindness, and as eager as he was for a reconciliation. A frank avowal to Mr. Darwin of the hope that brought Percy to his house this day was the first intimation the former had received of the estrangement. He was questioning the young man, and looking seriously disturbed when Letty entered. On learning from her that Marian was actually engaged in preparations for quitting them, he grew angry—angrier than she ever remembered to have seen him before.

“This is a ridiculous piece of business!” he exclaimed. “Marian carries her caprices too far. Of course she does not mean half she says, and will be only too glad to be coaxed into a better humour.”

“I wish I could think with you,” Percy gravely replied. “But there was nothing girlish nor whimsical in her manner, when she positively refused to fulfil her engagement.”

“Pooh, she could not be in earnest. She likes you too well.”

“Apparently not,” was the bitter retort. “Miss Esmond shows no inclination to share my lot now she knows beyond a doubt that it will be a sorry one.”

But Mr. Darwin would not hear this, and Percy began to feel very grateful for the warmth with which the ordinarily phlegmatic solicitor was espousing his cause.

“You must see her again, Balfour. Girls *will* say more than they mean, and I've no doubt Marian secretly repents her hasty speeches. Go, Letty; tell her Mr. Balfour is waiting to speak with her. She will be only too glad to come.”

Mrs. Darwin reluctantly obeyed, and came back in a few minutes with a tiny note in her hand.

She gave it to Percy, who read the few words it contained, then crushing the paper between his fingers, put his arm upon the mantlepiece, and dropped his head upon it with a heavy sigh.

Mrs. Darwin's eyes filled with tears, and, going up to the young man, she gently whispered her sympathy, but her frowning husband, after musing awhile, sharply declared his intention of seeing Marian himself.

“Not to night, Godfrey!” cried his wife imploringly, as he strode towards the door. “Wait till the morning, for she looks so ill and miserable that I do not think she can bear another reproachful word.”

Mr. Darwin muttered something about the folly of giving way to a girl's whims, and would have persisted, but now Percy thought proper to interfere in his haughtiest accents.

“I must insist that no attempts be made to influence Miss Esmond. Of her own free will she has refused me, and I will not be obliged to her friends for her hand.”

Still Mr. Darwin looked very much inclined to follow out his original intentions, but at last he gave way, and came back to his chair, saying,

“Of course, Balfour, this makes no difference to our business relations. The deed of partnership is ready for your signature, and I cannot afford to lose an efficient partner through Marian's heartlessness.”

Letty gave him an entreating look, and Percy bit his lip. He could not bear to hear the woman he still loved spoken of in such terms, and it was with more decision than he would have employed, that he stated his intention of bidding adieu to Meadsley without delay.

“It was for Miss Esmond's sake as much as my own,” he added, “that I accepted an offer which, with all your friendliness, had serious drawbacks.”

“Nonsense!” Mr. Darwin interposed, no longer able to conceal how greatly he was provoked. “Serious drawbacks, indeed! How absurd it is to talk like this. The only annoyance of which you could complain was Harris's pomposity. Surely you'll not let that induce you to throw up my offer? Come, Balfour, be persuaded by me. Keep quiet and cool, and I'll wager you what you like that in less than three months Marian will be yours.”

But Percy was too proud to be seduced by such arguments; besides, the note in which she almost humbly asked him not to persecute her with a suit to which she could not listen, was still in his hand.

“I shall make no further attempts to alter Miss Esmond's decision; nor would any advantages you could offer induce me to remain in Meadsley, after what has happened.”

“But the agreement is drawn up,” Mr. Darwin reminded him; “and I have no doubt that Harris will hold you to it.”

“Hold me to it, after I have said that I am not willing!” cried Percy, angrily. “Oh! I understand you; he will put in a claim to the cash I have deposited—let him. Perhaps it has a greater value in his eyes than it has in mine."

"I wish you would talk like a reasonable man," said Mr. Darwin, his voice sharp and fretful. "How are you to live if we do not return your money?"

Percy drew himself up.

"That is a question which concerns me, and me only. If your firm has a legal right to retain what I have—a little too hastily, perhaps,—paid over, I shall not contest the justice of these proceedings. For the rest, I prefer to shape my own course, and I cannot consent to lie under obligations to Miss Esmond's friends."

Seeing that Mr. Darwin was about to prolong the discussion, he bade him a civil but curt good-night, warmly pressed the hands of the compassionate Letty, and left the room. But Mr. Darwin followed him into the hall.

"Don't be too rash, Balfour; you're not quite yourself to-night. Call upon me in the morning, will you? and we will have a quiet, rational chat together."

"I'll not promise," was the sole reply this elicited, as Percy—sore at heart—shook off the detaining grasp upon his sleeve, and turned away.

Mr. Darwin went back to the dining-room, and sat down moodily to the meal Percy had refused to share. It was a very silent one, for the few remarks Letty ventured were scarcely answered. As she rose to leave him to his pint of claret, which was the extent of his libations, she passed beside his chair, and hesitatingly said, "Don't be angry with Marian, Godfrey dear. I am sure she must have some cause for what she has done."

"Not angry?" he retorted. "But will she undo the mischief her mad folly is bringing upon us all?"

"I do not understand you," said his wife nervously.

"Don't understand that it vexes me to see Balfour jilted, and that it reflects disgrace upon us all? Go away, Letty, and let's hope that both these foolish young people will be more rational to-morrow."

With an anxiety that appeared quite disproportionate to the occasion, Mr. Darwin watched and waited the next morning for Percy Balfour: going from window to window, and evincing such total inability to settle to his work that Mr. John, who was reading through some mouldy parchments he had to copy, began to awaken to the fact that something must be amiss.

At last Mr. John was despatched to Percy's lodgings, to beg that he would favour Mr. Darwin with an interview. He brought back the tidings that an early train had carried Mr. Balfour and his luggage to London, and that the young man had left no address.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SAD AND SORRY LIFE.

"How much quieter the house has been lately," Colonel Lacey remarked to his sister-in-law one morning, when she was paying her regular visit to his chamber. "Almost too quiet," he added with a sigh and a yawn.

"Do you think so?" cried Mrs. Lacey, rousing herself from the semi-doze into which she frequently fell at these times. "Are you beginning to feel well enough to enjoy a little society? Perhaps you would like to have the children here for an hour or two. I am sure they would amuse you."

"Thanks, but I am scarcely up to the noise of young children; and my ghostly face would startle them," he hastily replied.

"Oh! but you don't look quite as frightful as when you first came," the lady candidly told him; "and I dare say they would soon accustom themselves to you."

But Colonel Lacey, though wretchedly dull, and quite sick of lying there day after day with no break in the monotony but the calls of his doctor, and not a creature to converse with except his sister-in-law, whose sleepy twaddle irritated him, still declined the offer; and Mrs. Lacey—never prompt at starting fresh topics—sat comtemplating the rings on her fingers so silently, that, fearing she resented his refusal, the Colonel began to admire some flowers she had brought him.

"How very lovely! After all there's nothing like our English roses and lilies. How prettily you arrange your bouquets, Amelia."

"Me! I don't care enough for flowers to bestow so much pains upon them; but they are pretty;" and Mrs. Lacey edged her chair nearer the table that she might view them without rising. "Very pretty. Marian is so tasteful in every thing she does."

After this another pause ensued, broken by the invalid observing, "How wretchedly dull these country towns appear! I have been trying to look through the columns of your local paper, but it is too prosy. Does nothing ever occur here beyond a cottager's show, or a ploughing match?"

"Do you call Meadsley dull?" said Mrs. Lacey, thoughtfully revolving the subject in her mind. "Well, perhaps it is, though I have never found it so; and you don't like our newspaper? Really now! I think it so interesting to see the names of one's neighbours in print. Events? Oh! yes, we often have events in Meadsley. There was Julia Morison's marriage in the spring. She had six bridesmaids, and they wore—now, what was it they wore?"

"Don't trouble yourself to remember. I don't take much interest in weddings," said the Colonel, fretfully.

"And then there was Miss Moncton's death; did you know poor Miss Moncton?"

The Colonel began to testify a little more interest. "Know her? Of course I did. There was some slight relationship betwixt us; and when I was a boy, and she lived at Madras with her uncle, I used to visit at the house. So she is dead, is she? Who has the property?"

"Some one in America—her brother's son; so Mr. Harris was saying—I mean Harris, of the firm of solicitors who managed the property for her," Mrs. Lacey explained.

"A brother's son," mused the Colonel. "That must be Fred Moncton, of the Fusiliers; but he's dead, too. Sold out while he was in Canada some years since, and died of fever soon after; at least that was the report that reached me, and was universally believed at Madras."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Lacey, who was fast sinking into another doze.

"How did you learn that Fred Moncton is still living? Is he in England, and in possession of the estates?"

Mrs. Lacey was roused by his enquiries.

"I'm sure I forget all about it except what I have just told you; only I know I felt quite indignant at poor Percy Balfour being disinherited. Such a nice handsome fellow as he is, too!"

"I have not the pleasure of knowing Mr. Percy Balfour, though I believe a Moncton married into that family many years since."

"Oh, I recollect it all now," cried his sister-in-law, actually sitting upright to finish her narration. "He is not dead—Mr. Moncton I mean—for Mr. Darwin has written, and received an answer, empowering the firm to act for him till the state of his health permits him to come to England."

"Then I must have been misinformed," said the Colonel, beginning to find the subject tiresome.

"Yes, and poor dear Percy can never have the property now, can he? and though Marian is too proud to confess it, I am sure she frets over the disappointment; her dresses begin to hang upon her quite loosely."

For want of anything else to say the Colonel listlessly demanded, "And pray who is Marian?"

Mrs. Lacey stared. Didn't he know that it was Marian Esmond who made his arrowroot and kept the dear popsies so quiet? "She's the dearest of girls, and can do everything."

"From making a pudding to a poem, I suppose," the Colonel satirically commented.

"I don't know whether Marian ever makes poetry, but she reads it beautifully. She often reads me to sleep; and when you are restless, you must let me ask her to come and do the same for you."

"If this young lady's voice is such a somniferous one, I wish she would come very often and exercise it in my behalf."

"Do you really?" said Mrs. Lacey, who did not detect the covert sarcasm with which he spoke. "Then I'll ask her. She's too good-natured to refuse."

Ever ready to oblige, and full of compassion for the lonely invalid, Marian promptly acceded when Mrs. Lacey asked her to wile away an hour for him, by reading aloud, and as soon as the children had gone for their evening walk she accompanied her friend to his apartment.

Colonel Lacey, irritable and miserable with tossing to and fro during the long, sultry hours of an intensely hot day, felt as if she brought some soothing influence into the room with her. The delicate tint of her dress, her soft yet quick tread, her cool hands, her low voice, which had none of Mrs. Lacey's exasperating drawl in it, and the quickness with which she saw that his position was an uncomfortable one, and set to work to remedy it, was all as new as it was agreeable.

Instead of opening the volume she brought with her, Marian sat down beside the Colonel, and talked as only a large-hearted, earnest woman can talk in a sick room. The sorrow that had taken the bloom off her own youth had not made her selfish; and her pity for the hollow-eyed gaunt man, whose life, however prolonged, must always be one of pain and weariness, shone in her brown eyes, though her words were cheerfully spoken. She judged that the wounded soldier's thoughts must often revert to the stirring scenes in which he had bravely held his own with his brothers-at-arms; and she repeated some Indian news gathered from the daily journals, which amused and interested him even more than she had anticipated.

It was easy then to ask for that information on Oriental habits and customs which he was well qualified to give; and with such an attentive listener to his reminiscences, an hour passed rapidly away.

When she rose to leave him it was in the tones of a disappointed child, that he exclaimed, "You are not going yet, are you?"

Marian smiled gravely. "I should be sorry to stay long enough to cause you a feverish night."

Certain symptoms of fatigue warned the Colonel that she was right, and that he had talked long enough.

"But you will come and see me again? I am so wretchedly dull here."

"I will come with pleasure. To-morrow, if you like, when I can read to you."

"I would rather hear you talk," he answered, frankly—too frankly, considering that his sister-in-law was present. "It is a real treat to converse once more with an intelligent person."

"Dr. Tate, your medical man, is sensible and well informed," Marian observed.

"Ah! yes," said the Colonel, testily. "He is quick at detecting symptoms, and so on, but he hasn't a thought beyond his work; and I'm not in the humour to feel entertained with descriptions of successful operations."

Marian repeated her promise to visit him on the morrow.

"Pray do!" he exclaimed, with increased earnestness. "You can scarcely imagine the fearful monotony of lying here with nothing to look at but those eternal Venetian blinds; and no one but Wilson to care whether I am alive or dead."

"Our clergyman is kind, and would call upon you occasionally if he knew that his visits would be acceptable," said Marian. "Shall I ask him to come and see you?"

But Colonel Lacey was not a thoroughly religious man, and a fear of being pressed too closely on subjects he would fain avoid, made him answer, "Not at present, thank you;" and linking her arm in Mrs. Lacey's, Marian went away.

From that evening she so timed the occupations she had taken upon herself, as to have an hour at the invalid's disposal each day. He made no real progress. Occasionally, with the aid of his servant's arm, he contrived to exchange his bed for an easy chair; but the effort was followed by such exhaustion, that he rarely made it; and the medical men plainly said that his enfeebled constitution must succumb before the mists and frosts of an English winter.

Mrs. Lacey considered herself extremely attentive to her invalid relative. She always sent for Wilson at breakfast-time to question him about his master, and rarely omitted going and sitting in the Colonel's room for a short time after luncheon; but as this meal always left her slightly somnolent, he did not derive much benefit from her visits.

Under Marian's tuition, however, the little girls grew thoughtful for their sick uncle; and were pleased to carry him fruit and flowers, or sit quietly working at the slippers which, if ever finished, were to be his, while Marian read or conversed with him; and the Colonel, who began by enduring their presence, rather than offend their governess, ended in missing their pretty merry faces if they stayed away.

It was on one of these occasions that he suddenly adverted to a subject that always sent a thrill through Marian's frame.

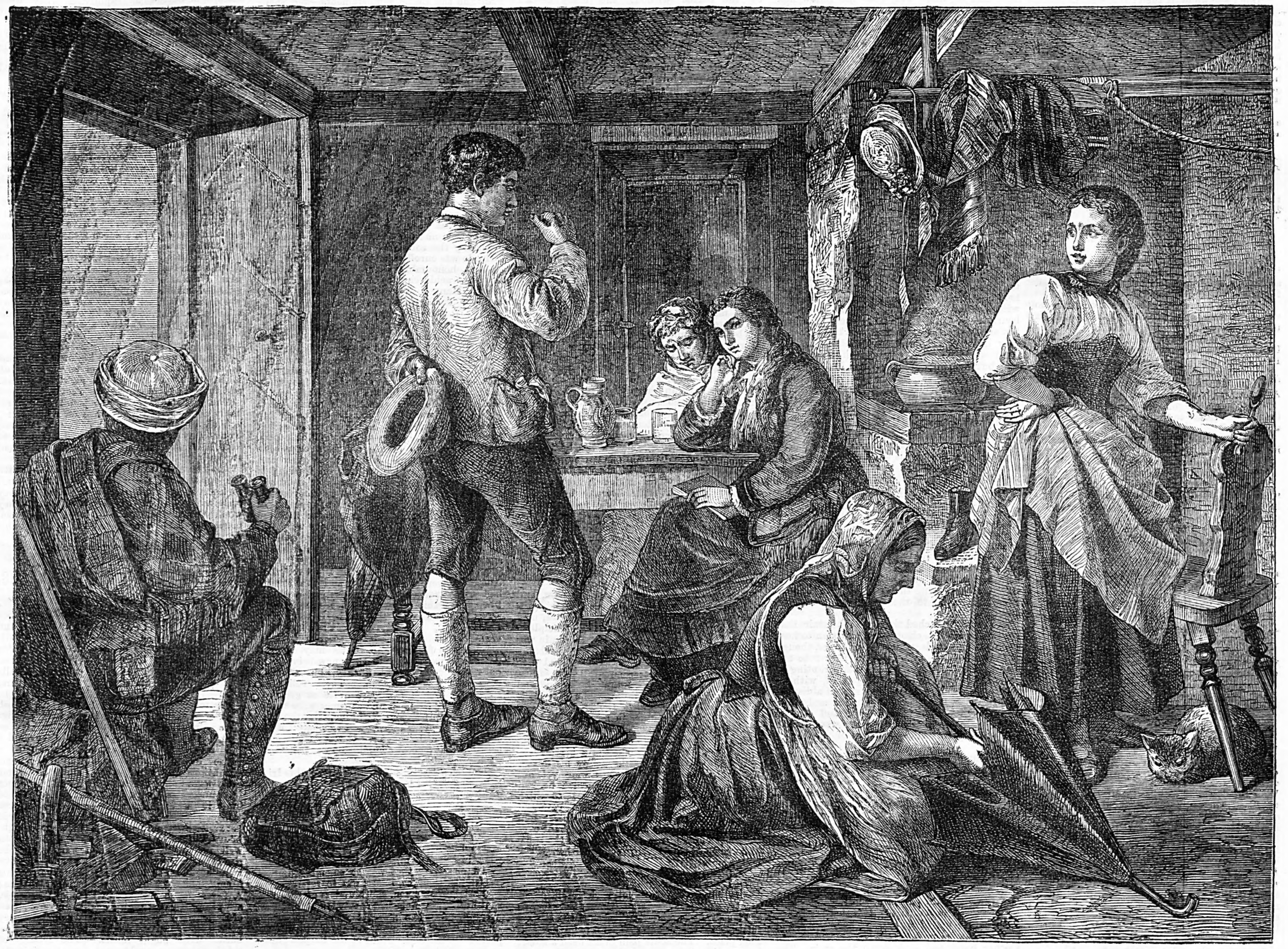
"Miss Esmond, Amelia tells me that you are closely related to Mr. Darwin, Miss Moncton's solicitor. Will you oblige me by asking him for the address of her heir, Fred Moncton? He is one of the few men I have really liked, and if he is coming back to England, I shall be pleased to renew the acquaintance. I cannot understand how the report of his death came to be so generally believed?"

Marian promised compliance with his wish. She had not seen her brother-in-law since she left his house, but had timed her calls upon Letty so as to avoid him. This she had done till Letty remarked upon it, and to still any suspicions she might entertain, Marian knew that she must nerve herself to the dreaded encounter. Colonel Lacey's request would be common ground on which she could meet him with less embarrassment, and, feverishly eager to have the dreaded interview over, she put on her hat and went within the hour.

As she drew near the spot where she had seen the corpse of the murdered woman borne past, a deathly faintness stole over her; was it ominous of fresh troubles awaiting her? Though not ordinarily superstitious, Marian's heart failed her now, and her hand trembled so violently that she could scarcely lift the knocker of Mr. Darwin's door.

Then arose a hope that he might be out—that she might be able to leave her message with Letty; but the servant who admitted her said that master was in the drawing-room waiting at home for some expected caller; and conscious that it would be impossible to retreat, she stilled her throbbing pulses by a great effort and entered the house.

(To be continued.)



TOURISTS TAKING SHELTER.

THE
Mystery of Ashleigh Grange.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"The Lily of Cloudsley Vale," &c.

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CHAPTER IV.

COMING SHADOWS.

"Under the cypress solemn and still."—*Prowse.*

It was a night of night for beauty, this evening after the funeral.

Every window in the Grange was wide open. That air of oppression incidental to a death in the house had passed away with the black-robed mutes and sable-clad mourners.

The birds sang cheerily as though the sun was rising in the east, instead of setting in the crimson west.

Dinner was over, and Mrs. Lachbury—a staid and demure lady, who had long managed the late Mr. Ashleigh's domestic matters, and often played a game of cribbage with him for sixpenny points—was slumbering gently in the drawing-room.

(Continued on Page 8.)

A Legend of Lossie House.

When his housekeeper returned from church, Lord Lossie sent for her.

"Sit down, Mrs. Courthope," he said, "I want to ask you about a story I have a vague recollection of hearing when I spent a summer at this house some twenty years ago. It had to do with a room in the house that was never opened."

"There is such a story, my lord," answered the housekeeper. "The late marquis, I remember well, used to laugh at it, and threaten now and then to dare the prophecy; but old Eppie persuaded him not—or at least fancied she did."

"Who is old Eppie?"

"She's gone now, my lord. She was over a hundred then. She was born and brought up in the house, lived all her days in it, and died in it; so she knew more about the place than any one else."

"Is ever likely to know," said the Marquis, superadding a close to her sentence. "And why wouldn't she have the room opened?" he asked.

"Because of the ancient prophecy, my lord."

"I can't recall a single point of the story."

"I wish old Eppie were alive to tell it," said Mrs. Courthope.

"Don't *you* know it then?"

"Yes, pretty well; but my English tongue can't tell it properly. It doesn't sound right out of my mouth. I've heard it a good many times, too, for I had often to take a visitor to her room to hear it, and the old woman liked nothing better than telling it. But I couldn't help remarking that it had grown a good bit even in my time. The story was like a tree; it got bigger every year."

"That's the way with a good many stories," said the Marquis. "But tell me the prophecy at least."

"That is the only part I can give just as she gave it. It's in rhyme. I hardly understand it, but I'm sure of the words."

"Let us have them then, if you please."

Mrs. Courthope reflected for a moment, and then repeated the following lines:

"The lord quha wad sup on 3 thowmes o'cauld airn.
The ayr quha wad kythe a bastard and carena,
The mayd quha wad tyne her man and her bairn,
Lift the sneck, and enter, and fearna."

"That's it, my lord," she said in conclusion. "And there's one thing to be observed," she added, "—that that door is the only one in all the passage that has a sneck, as they call it."

"What is a sneck?" asked his lordship, who was not much of a scholar in his country's tongue.

"What we call a latch in England, my lord. I took pains to learn the Scotch correctly, and I've repeated it to your lordship word for word."

"I don't doubt it," returned Lord Lossie, "but for the sense, I can make nothing of it. And you think my brother believed the story?"

"He always laughed at it, my lord, but pretended at least to give in to old Eppie's entreaties."

"You mean that he was more near believing it than he liked to confess?"

"That's not what I mean, my lord."

"What do you say *pretended* then?"

"Because when the news of his death came, some people about the place would have it that he must have opened the door some time or other."

"How did they make that out?"

"From the first line of the prophecy."

"Repeat it again."

"The lord quha wad sup on 3 thowmes o' cauld airn," said Mrs. Courthope with emphasis, adding, "The *three* she always said was a figure 3."

"That implies it was written somewhere!"

"She said it was legible on the door in her day, as if burnt with a red-hot iron."

"And what does the line mean?"

"Eppie said it meant that the lord of the place who opened that door would die by a sword-wound. Three inches of cold iron, it means, my lord."

The Marquis grew thoughtful; his brother had died in a sword duel. For a few moments he was silent.

"Tell me the whole story," he said at length.

Mrs. Courthope again reflected, and began. I will tell the story, however, in my own words:

In an ancient time there was a lord of Lossie who practised unholy works. Although he had other estates, he lived almost entirely at the House of Lossie—that is, after his return from the East, where he had spent his youth and early manhood. But he paid no attention to his affairs: a steward managed everything for him, and Lord Gernon (for that was the outlandish name he brought from England, where he was born while his father was prisoner to Edward Longshanks) trusted him for a great while without making the least inquiry into his accounts, apparently contented with receiving money enough to carry on the various vile experiments which seemed his sole pleasure in life.

There was no doubt in the minds of the people of the town—the old town that is, which was then much larger, and clustered about the gates of the House—that he had dealings with Satan, from whom he had gained authority over the powers of nature; that he was able to rouse and lay the winds, to bring down rain, to call forth the lightnings and set the thunders roaring over town and sea; nay, that he could even draw vessels ashore on the rocks, with the certainty that not one on board would be left alive to betray the pillage of the wreck; this and many other deeds of dire note were laid to his charge in secret. The town cowered at the foot of the House in terror of what its lord might bring down upon it—as a brood of chickens might cower if they had been hatched by a kite, and saw, instead of the matronly head and beak of the hen of their instinct, those of the bird of prey projected over them. Scarce one of them dared even look from the door when the thunder was rolling over their heads, the lightnings flashing about the roofs and turrets of the house, the wind raving in fits between as if it would rave its last, and the rain falling in sheets—not so much from fear of the elements as for horror of the far more terrible things that might be spied careering in the storm. And, indeed, Lord Gernon himself was avoided in like fashion, although rarely had any one the evil chance of seeing him, so seldom did he go out of doors.

There was but one in the whole community, and that was a young girl, the daughter of his steward, who declared she had no fear of him. She went so far as to uphold that Lord Gernon meant harm to nobody, and was in consequence regarded by the neighbours as unrighteously bold

He worked in a certain lofty apartment on the ground floor — with cellars underneath, reserved, it was believed, for frightfullest conjurations and interviews; where, although no one was permitted to enter, they knew from the smoke that he had a furnace, and from the evil smells which wandered out that he dealt with things altogether devilish in their natures and powers. They said he always washed there—in water medicated with distilments to prolong life and produce invulnerability; but of this they could of course know nothing. Strange to say, however, he always slept in the garret, as far removed from his laboratory as the limits of the house would permit; whence people said he dared not sleep in the neighbourhood of his deeds, but sought shelter for his unconscious hours in the spiritual shadow of the chapel, which was in the same wing as his chamber.

His household saw nearly as little of him as his retainers; when his tread was heard, beating dull on the stone turnpike, or thundering along the upper corridors in the neighbourhood of his chamber or of the library—the only other part of the house he visited, man or maid would dart aside into the next way of escape—all believing that the nearer he came to finding himself the sole inhabitant of his house, the better he was pleased. Nor would he allow man or woman to enter his chamber any more than his laboratory. When they found sheets or garments outside his door they removed them with fear and trembling, and put others in their place.

At length, by means of his enchantments, he discovered that the man whom he had trusted had been robbing him for many years; all the time he had been searching for the philosopher's stone, the gold already his, had been tumbling into the bags of his steward. But what enraged him far more was, that the fellow had constantly pretended difficulty in providing the means necessary for the prosecution of his idolised studies; even if the feudal lord could have accepted the loss and forgiven the crime, here was a mockery which the man of science could not pardon.

He summoned his steward to his presence, and accused him of his dishonesty. The man denied it energetically, but a few mysterious waftures of the hand of his lord set him trembling, and after a few more, his lips, moving by a secret compulsion, and finding no power in their owner to check their utterance, confessed all the truth, whereupon his master ordered him to go and bring his accounts. He departed all but bereft of his senses, and staggered home as if in a dream. There he begged his daughter to go and plead for him with his lord, hoping she might be able to move him to mercy; for she was a lovely girl, and supposed by the neighbours, judging from what they considerd her foolhardiness, to have received from him tokens of something at least less than aversion.

She obeyed, and from that hour disappeared. The people of the house averred afterwards that the next day, and for days following, they heard, at intervals, moans and cries from the wizard's chamber, or somewhere in its neighbourhood—certainly not from the laboratory; but as they had seen no one visit their master, they had paid them little attention, classing them with the other and hellish noises they were but too much accustomed to hear.

The steward's love for his daughter, though it could not embolden him to seek her in the tyrant's den, drove him, at length, to appeal to the justice of his country for what redress might yet be possible; he sought the court of the great Bruce, and laid the complaint before him. That righteous monarch immediately despatched a few of his trustiest men-at-arms, under the protection of a monk whom he believed a match for any wizard under the sun, to arrest Gernon and release the girl.

When they arrived at Lossie House, they found it silent as the grave. The domestics had vanished; but by following the minute directions of the steward, whom no persuasion could bring to set foot across the threshold, they succeeded in finding their way to the parts of the house indicated by him. Having forced the laboratory and found it forsaken, they ascended, in the gathering dusk of a winter afternoon, to the upper regions of the house.

Before they reached the top of the stair that led to the wizard's chamber, they began to hear inexplicable sounds, which grew plainer, though not much louder, as they drew nearer to the door. They were mostly like the grunting of some small animal of the hog kind, with an occasional one like the yelling roar of a distant lion; but with these were now and then mingled cries of suffering, so fell and strange that their souls recoiled as if they would break loose from their bodies to get out of hearing of them.

The monk himself started back when first they invaded his ear, and it was no wonder then that the men-at-arms should hesitate to approach the room! and as they stood irresolute, they saw a faint light go flickering across the upper part of the door, which naturally strengthened their disinclination to go nearer.

"If it weren't for the girl," said one of them in a scared whisper to his neighbour, "I would leave the wizard to the devil and his dam."

Scarcely had the words left his mouth when the door opened, and out came a form—whether phantom or living woman none could tell. Pale, forlorn, lost, and purposeless, it came straight towards them, with wide unseeing eyes. They parted in terror from its path. It went on, looking to neither hand, and sank down the stair. The moment it was beyond their sight, they came to themselves and rushed after it; but although they searched the whole house, they could find no creature in it, except a cat of questionable appearance and behaviour, which they wisely let alone. Returning, they took up a position whence they could watch the door of the chamber day and night.

For three weeks they watched it, but neither cry nor other sound reached them. For three weeks more they watched it, and then an evil odour began to assail them, which grew and grew, until at length they were satisfied that the wizard was dead. They returned therefore to the king and made their report, whereupon Lord Gernon was declared dead, and his heir was enfeoffed. But for many years he was said to be still alive; and indeed, whether he had ever died in the ordinary sense of the word, was to old Eppie doubtful; for at various times there had arisen whispers of peculiar sounds, even strange cries, having been heard issue from that room—whispers which had revived in the house in Mrs. Courthope's own time. No one had slept in that part of the roof within the memory of old Eppie; no one, she believed, had ever slept there since the events of her tale; certainly no one had in Mrs. Courthope's time. It was also said that, invariably, sooner or later after such cries were heard, some evil befel either the Lord of Lossie, or some one of his family.

"Show me the room, Mrs. Courthope," said the Marquis, rising, as soon she had ended.

The housekeeper looked at him with some dismay.

"What!" said his lordship, "you an Englishwoman and superstitious!"

"I am cautious, my lord, though not a Scotchwoman," returned Mrs. Courthope. "All I would presume to say is—Don't do it without first taking time to think over it."

"I will not. But I want to know which room it is."

Mrs. Courthope led the way, and his lordship followed her to the very door. He examined it well, and on the upper part of it found what might be the remnants of a sunk inscription, so far obliterated as to convey no assurance of what it was. He professed himself satisfied, and they went downstairs together again.—*George Macdonald.*

Last Years of Bach.

In the year 1747 Johann Sebastian Bach made his last journey, which was to Berlin, in the company of Wilhelm Friedemann. This journey was undertaken by him with some reluctance, and at the special command of Frederick the Great, who, after repeatedly expressing to Carl Philipp Emanuel the pleasure it would afford him to see his father and hear him play, finally expressed that desire in such a manner as to leave Bach no alternative but that of obedience. It so happened that on the evening he arrived in Berlin Frederick, as was his custom, was beginning the usual evening concert. He had just placed his music upon the stand, and was about to raise his flute to his lips, when a message was handed to him, which caused him to lay both flute and music aside, and to turn to the audience with the joyous exclamation, "Gentlemen, the old Bach has arrived!"

A messenger was despatched in haste to Bach's lodgings, commanding him to come to the palace without the delay of an instant; and in a few moments he was ushered into the Royal presence, dusty and travel-worn, and with numerous bows and apologies for the rough attire which he had not had time to change. Frederick received him with the utmost courtesy and cordiality, and silenced by a stern glance of displeasure the courtiers who were indulging in some ill-timed and ill-judged remarks upon the quaint appearance of the old master and the sincere simplicity of his apologies. Frederick then proposed to show Bach the palace, and conducted him from room to room, himself opening the pianos, and requesting him to try them.

After playing for some time Bach begged his Majesty to give him a theme, which he elaborated so much to Frederick's delight that he stood for two hours behind Bach's chair listening and applauding, and frequently exclaiming, "Only one Bach! only one! only one!"

This visit pleased Bach extremely, and on his return home he wrote out the fugue which he had composed from the theme given by Frederick, and published it with a dedication to him.

Another gleam of sunshine followed this visit some months later, in the marriage of his favourite daughter, his "little Lieschen," to his beloved pupil, Altnickol. He refers to this marriage in one of the few letters which have been preserved, in a tone of simple and heartfelt delight. And so began the year 1748, which was destined to end in gloom and shadow. Early in this year, died David Bach, an imbecile, who showed intelligence on one point only, his love of music, but for whom, from his very helplessness, his father had always felt a peculiar tenderness; and not many months after this Bach's eyesight began to fail.

It is painful to think of the sad struggle of those days—the way in which he bore up and on, and laboured until literally blind; the torturing operations to which he submitted with a quiet heroism all his own, and which resulted disastrously; and the slow, relentless progress of the disease, until total darkness closed him in. Never wont to complain, he did not do so now, but addressed himself to endurance with the stedfast resolution with which he ever addressed himself to every duty.

How great a trial acute, wearing pain, and the slow decay consequent upon it, must have been to one accustomed to perfect health, may readily be imagined; and the trial of helplessness and enforced idleness, when the brain was still teeming with ideas, was probably greater still; but it was endured in silence and without complaint. Of those days—when the eyes were darkened and the body weary, and, through the dim mists and shadows of mortal life, the two dread certainties of old age and death alone loomed distinct and terrible—he has left us a distinct picture in the beautiful four-part choral, "When we in deepest need," dictated to his beloved Altnickol some six months before his death. Dark as those days were, they were yet not utterly desolate. The faith for which he had resigned so much in his early youth, to which he had adhered so steadfastly in the rush and stress of life's temptations, did not desert him now, and occasionally swells triumphant over the deep and painful longing which is the spiritual theme of this beautiful composition. The lovely motet,

Come, Jesus, come! My heart is weary.
Life's bitter road to me is dreary,

is also attributed, but not with absolute certainty, to this time.

Five days before his death, one of the strange fluctuations so characteristic of a mortal disease took place. The acute pain in his head abated; he was able to endure and even to discern a little light in his darkened chamber—sat up and spoke cheerfully of a subject to which he had rarely alluded—the possible recovery of his eyesight. It was the last flickering of life's torch. At sunset violent fever, with still more violent pain in the head, ensued, and within twenty-four hours all hope was over.

On the evening of the 28th July, 1750, he was pronounced dying, and as many of his surviving children—twelve in all—as could be summoned, gathered round his bed, just as they had frequently gathered at that same hour round the organ in his music-room, while he led the evening hymn. The fast gathering shadows of the summer night, the anxious aching hearts gathered round the bed, were alike unknown and unheeded by him who lay there, his head pillowed on his wife's arm, and his youngest child, the baby Susanna, nestled at his side. His restless moanings ceased an hour before his death, and he lay apparently in a calm and sweet sleep, his face taking on the while the serene and majestic repose of death, until the end came, suddenly and silently. At fifteen minutes past nine all was over.

Two days later he was buried in the churchyard of St. Johann—in what precise spot is unknown, but to lovers of music all Leipsic will be dearer, because somewhere it holds the dust that more than a century ago was his house of clay. No mention of his death is to be found in the papers of the time, and only a brief, bare line in the burial record sets forth simply that "on the 30th of July a man, Johann Sebastian Bach, was buried with the hearse."

A GENTLEMAN was chiding his son for staying out late at night, and said, "Why, when I was of your age my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark." "Then you had a nice sort of a father, you had," said the young profligate. Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated, "I had a confounded sight better one than you have, you young rascal!"

Story of the Irish Brigade.

The story of the Irish Brigade is one of the most interesting episodes in the history of the Irish people. Their ardent military spirit, which was one of the results of their Celtic origin, had been wasted through many centuries, in savage feuds among themselves, or in fruitless resistance to their invaders—and when at length it had become disciplined, under Sarsfield and St. Ruth, and acquired a force which might have yielded England the greatest service in her ensuing wars, it was lost to her through the intolerance which proscribed the religion of a nation.

The laws of the period, which forbade Catholics to bear arms under the English crown, blindly renounced all the advantages to be derived from their devotion, and compelled the army of James II., when disbanded at the Peace of Limerick, to pass over to the Continent, and enroll under its various monarchs. Almost every throne of Europe profited by the bold hearts and stalwart frames of the buoyant sons of the Emerald Isle, except only the one that still nominally claimed their allegiance while repudiating their services. It was in France, however, that James's army was found principally to reassemble—owing, probably, to the greater sympathy of the Hibernian and the Celtic temperaments—and there formed themselves into a body, which soon became distinguished under its title of the "Irish Brigade."

These gallant emigrants, who left behind them all their social and domestic ties, carried abroad, with their untarnished honour and their indomitable courage, all the unconquerable gaiety and their undying love for their native country. Almost as deep, however, perhaps was their love for their native music. So strong was it, indeed, that they refused to march to the French tunes, and on all military occasions insisted on the use of their national airs—a gratification that was conceded to them, though the same favour was denied to the Swiss. For this, however, there was a reason. The music of the "Ranz des Vaches" awoke in the breast of the latter such a passionate longing for home, that it often led to desertion; while in the poor Irishman, whose home was lost to him, no such danger was to be feared.

During the course of almost a century the Brigade was enrolled in the French army, and had an honourable share in all the latter's brightest achievements in Flanders, Spain, and Italy. Many instances of its staunch fidelity and its daring, decisive courage might be quoted from the military records of those days; but one especially may be selected, which, in its singular combination of the heroic and the grotesque, must be regarded as very national:

Cremona, besieged by Prince Eugène, and defended by the French, was surprised one morning before dawn, and would inevitably have been lost but for the promptitude of the Irish. While the punctilious and ornate Frenchmen were deliberately buttoning up their regimentals, the former, at the sound of their trumpets, jumped out of bed, and, simply staying to buckle on their cross-belts and cartouch boxes, seized their guns and hurried to the square, where, on forming in fighting order, their commander's words, "Halt!—dress!" were, at least in one respect, superfluous. Their indifference to appearances on this occasion was all the greater that the period was midwinter, and the city was near the Alps. In this condition they were charged by the Austrian cuirassiers. It was steel-coats against night-shirts; but the linen trade of Ireland proved the more formidable of the two. The Austrians were driven back, and the French had time to form and recover possession of the town. For this brilliant service the Brigade was honoured with the emphatic thanks of Louis XIV., and also had their pay increased.

But these fearless fellows, as may be supposed, carried abroad to their new service not only their courage and fidelity, but all their exuberance as Irishmen. Their rollicking spirit and love of fun were quite as great as their love of fighting, and at times were so opposed to propriety and discipline, that the martinets of the French ranks had to make formal complaints on the matter. It was on one such occasion that a great compliment was paid them for his devotion to his father.

"Marshal," said the king to him, "this Irish Brigade gives me more trouble than all my army put together."

"Please your majesty," replied the duke, "your enemies make just the same complaint of them!

The idol of the Brigade was the celebrated Marshal Saxe, whose great bravery, in union with his jovial, mirthful temperament, gave him a character that was so engaging and so kindred to their own. It was in reference to him originated one of the blunders of poor Pat that has so often been repeated and localised everywhere. The marshal was wounded in some engagement, and, moreover, it was reported—in his *back*. None of the Brigade, however, would believe it.

"When did he ever show his back to them?" was the general exclamation. "Wasn't it his face they knew the most of, and wasn't it *their* backs that he knew best?"

At last a solution of the mystery was hit upon:

"He was purshuing 'em, you see, and, just to make the villins think that, on the conthrary, he was retrating, he buttoned his coat behind him!"

Of the anecdotes and jokes told of the Brigade during their extended foreign service—proofs of a humour and light-heartedness which exile even could not subdue—the number is, indeed, legion. Gallic vanity forced them often into the attitude of censors, and several of their repartees are excellent, and as full of sense as they were of pleasantry. Among the mass of these is one that has been often referred to other sources—when a Frenchman, claiming for his country the invention of all the elegances, named, among other things, a ruffle; and Pat answered:

"We improved on it—we put to it a shirt."

In the same spirit, but less known, was his retort upon a shopkeeper in some petty town where he was quartered. The place had rather a pretentious gate, and the grocer, dilating on its grandeur, and asking what the Irish would say if they possessed it.

"Faith, they'd say," was his reply, "we'll kape the big gate shut, or the dirty little town will be after running out of it."

The sarcasm, however, was deeper and more essentially Hibernian when, on his going somewhere to dine, after hearing great praises of French cookery, he saw a pot of soup brought in with a bit of meat floating on the top of it—upon which he pulled off his coat, and, being asked why he did so, said:

"Sure I am going to have a swim for that little bit of mate there."

Among the adventures recorded of the brigade, one of the most amusing was an occurrence in the time of the Regent Orleans, in honour of whose birthday a grand masquerade was given in Paris. It was a high-class affair; tickets were a double louis d'or each; all the rank and beauty of Paris were assembled round the regent, and a costly and luxurious supper crowned the attractions of the night. While the entertainment was proceeding, one of the prince's suite approached and whispered to him:

"It is worth your royal highness's while to step into the supper-rooms; there is a yellow domino there, who is the most extraordinary cormorant ever witnessed; he is a prodigy, your highness—he never stops eating and drinking; and the attendants say, moreover, that he has not done so for some hours."

His royal highness went accordingly; and sure enough there was the yellow domino, laying about him as described, and swallowing everything as ravenously as if he had only just begun. Raised pies fell before him like garden-pailings before a field-piece; pheasants and quails seemed to fly down his throat in a little covey; the wine he drank threatened a scarcity, whatever might be the next vintage.

After watching him for some time, the duke acknowledged he was a wonder, and laughingly left the room; but shortly afterward, on passing through another, he saw the yellow domino again, and as actively at work as ever, devastating the dishes everywhere, and emptying the champagne-bottles as rapidly as they were brought to him. Perfectly amazed, the duke at last could not restrain his curiosity.

"Who," he asked, "is that insatiate ogre that threatens such annihilation to all the labours of our cooks?"

Accordingly, one of the suite was dispatched to him.

"His royal highness the Duke of Orleans desires the yellow domino to unmask."

But the domino begged to be excused, pleading the privilege of masquerade.

"There is a higher law," replied the officer; "the royal order must be obeyed."

"Well, then," answered the incognito, "if it must be so, it must;" and, unmasking, exhibited the ruddy visage of an Irish trooper.

"Why, in the name of Polyphemus!" exclaimed the regent, as he advanced to him; "who and what are you? I have seen you eat and drink enough for a dozen men at least, and yet you seem as empty as ever."

"Well, then," said the trooper, "since the saycret must come out, plase, your royal highness, I am one of Clares's Horse—that's the guard-of-honour to-night—and when our men was ordered out, we clubbed our money to buy a ticket, and agreed to take our turn at the supper-table, turn and turn about."

"What!" exclaimed the duke, "the whole troop coming to supper?"

"Oh, it's aisy, plase your highness; sure one domino would do for all of us—if ache tuk it in turn. I'm only the eighteenth man, and there's twelve more of us to come."

The loud laughter of the jovial duke, probably the heartiest he had had for a long time, was the response to this explanation, followed by a louis d'or to the dragoon, and a promise to keep his "saycret" till the entire troop had supped.

The career of the Irish Brigade closed with the approach of the French Revolution—and fortunately for them, no doubt; since, had they remained in France, there is little question they would have maintained their loyalty, and been massacred like the Swiss.—*Life of Samuel Lover.*

Mottoes upon Mantel-pieces.

At one time, the fancy for inscribing mottoes upon mantel-pieces was so much in vogue, and so many mottoes suggested themselves as suitable, that the walls and cornices were taken into account, and likewise covered with them. The Earl of Northumberland caused the walls and cornices of his seats at Leckenfield and Wressel to be so treated. In such cases, the decorator only was employed, and when a fresh coat of paint was required, the trite sayings were painted out. An instance of a painted inscription upon a mantel-piece was discovered a few months ago in an upper room in a house in High-street, Tewkesbury. Some alterations were required, and, on some brick-work being taken down, an old fire-place was uncovered, with this inscription painted over it in old English characters: "Three thinges pleseth booeth God and man: Concorde betwene brethren: Amytie betwene nayghbours: and a man and his wyfe that agreeth well together. Fower things hurt much the site of man: Teares, smocke, wynde, and the worst of all to se his frends unluckye and his fose happye. These fivfe thinges are rare sene; A fayer yonge womane with ought a lover, a yonge man with ought myerth, an old useseror with ought money, aney great fayer with ought theffes, a fare harne with ought music." The letters of this inscription were black, except the initials, which were painted red. We read, too, of another painted motto in an account drawn up of the Duke of Beaufort's progress through Wales in the reign of Charles II. This was in an upper room, too, "boarded in panes," that is to say, panelled, and the chimney-piece was supported on two columns, and enriched with busts of Seneca and Aristotle. The inscription was in golden letters: "Deus primum, honos proxime."

Although, like the old custom of placing legends over doorways, the fashion of making our mantel-pieces sermonise is no longer in vogue, it was not abruptly discontinued. It lingered down to the days of the celebrated Dr. Kitchener, who inscribed upon the chimney-piece of his dining-room an intimation to his guests: "At seven, come; at eleven, go," much to the delight of one of them, who could not resist the fun of entirely altering the purport of it by adding the little word "it" to the sober sentence. At Preston Hall, in Northumberland, there is a comparatively modern inscription over a mantel-piece. It probably dates from the last century. The first three lines are convex, and the last two concave, while the word "therefore" is placed in a central position:

Spend the day well, and you will rejoice at night.
No good man can be miserable, nor bad man happy,
Whether rich or poor.
Therefore,
May you your days in peace and wisdom spend,
That endless peace may crown your bitter end.

Within a few miles of this seat, nearer the brown rocky coast, stands Craster Hall, where the same legend occurs, or did occur, in a similar position.—*Chambers's Journal.*

ADVICE TO A DRAMATIST.—

Your comedy I've read, my friend,
And like the *half*, you pilfered, best;
But, sure, the drama you might mend;
Take courage, man, and *steal the rest!*

He Loves Me Well.

"Marguerite picks an aster, and pulls the leaves
out one after another, murmuring—
"He loves me—loves me not!—[Pulling the
last leaf with delight—
He loves me!"—*Faust*.

Rayed flower, my fluttering heart's fate tell:
He loves me not?—he loves me well?
A leaf I pluck from out your round—
O startled look of quick delight
That flashed into his eyes, that night
When mine his wandering glance first found!
As sweet a tale, O last leaf, tell—
He loves me well!

Another—be the fear forgot
That now I pluck—he loves me not!
Not?—loves me not?—and need I dread?
Ah! as I brushed behind her chair,
His drawn to hers, they whispered there,
So low, I caught not what he said—
Nor she; would that could be forgot!
He loves me not!

Next picked, of sweetest hopes to tell,
Your sweetness says, he loves me well;
Yes, loves me well; why should I fear?
I knew, I felt him at my side,
My partner, not to be denied—
Not hers—as the next dance drew near;
O last-plucked leaf, come quick to tell,
He loves me well!

Hope—fear—each straight in each forgot,
Thrice-evil leaf, he loves me not?
Alas! alas! and is it true?
And did I see his laughing eye—
I on his arm—to hers reply,
As his to mine alone should do?
Come, last-drawn leaf, to tell me—what?
He loves me not?

White with my fear that petal fell—
O red last leaf, he loves me well!
Here let me pluck all sweetest thought;
I know his hand pressed mine—I heard
The tremble in his latest word;
What could be shown but what I sought?
Last leaf, I knew your fall must tell,
He loves me well!

—*W. C. Bennett.*

Literary Rambler.

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LOVER AND PAGANINI.

One of the secrets of success in portraiture is the conversational talent which enables the artist to get at the best expression of his sitters, and nothing can be pleasanter than the illustration of it that is afforded in the following instance, when, by a compliment the most adroit, but apparently ingenuous, the painter so well contrived to rouse the animation of the musician.

"Paganini being rather dull," observed Lover to his friend, "I wished to excite his attention, so remarked to him the great beauty of a little *capriccio motivo* in one of his *concertos*, and then hummed the tune. Pag cocked his ear.

"'You have been in Strasbourg,' said he.

"'Never,' I replied.

"'Then how did you hear that air?'

"'I heard you play it.'

"'No; if you were not in Strasbourg.'

"'Yes; in London.'

"'That *concerto* I composed for my first appearance in Strasbourg, and I never played it in London.'

"'Pardon me, you did—at the opera-house.'

"'I don't remember.'

"'It was the night you played an *obligato* accompaniment to Pasta.'

"'Ah, Pasta!' he exclaimed, and his beautiful eye brightened at the remembrance of the night."

As Rhoderic Dhu

> "Felt the joy that warriors feel,
> In foemen worthy of their steel,"

the great magician seemed to glow at the recollection of an occasion when two such artists stood together, and were mutually inspired by each other's excellence.

"'Pasta!' he repeated, 'how she sang that night!'

"'Yes,' said I; 'and how you played!'

"'Ah!' he exclaimed, with a shrug of satisfaction, 'but that *motivo!* Yes, I did play it at the time, but only that once in London. You must be a musician, for it is not an easy air to remember.'

"'It was *encored*, signor,' said I, with a complimentary bow, 'and so I heard it twice.'

"'Aha!' said he, with another shrug of approval; 'but still I say it is not easy to remember, except by a musician.'"

And so Lover gained his point. Paganini was sufficiently excited to respond with a bright expression, and the animation thus aroused was easily sustained to the close of the sitting.—*Life of Lover*.

PRESENTIMENTS.

Spiritualists and believers in signs, forecasts, and presentiments are not in the habit of reasoning with the unbeliever. They never attempt to meet the sceptic on the sceptic's own ground. Hence the wide gulf which always remains between the two parties. Were it otherwise I would venture to ask the watchers for and interpreters of messages from the unseen world to account for the myriads of presentiments unfulfilled and mysterious tokens which are the heralds of nothing at all. I have frequently heard noises which in ordinary parlance were unaccountable and were never afterwards explained. I have had presentiments which have leaped as it were unbidden into my mind and remained there with a persistence which has impressed me strangely for a while; but they were presentiments without sequence. If they were forewarnings at all, they were false witnesses of the future. When it can be shown that, not in here and there an instance, but in all known cases of mysterious signs and warnings something notable happens, I may begin to consider the cogency of the faith as it is in the author of the "Night Side of Nature." I was once asked by a very able man to believe that we frequently had presentiments just before the advent of a friend or acquaintance, for which we could not account except on the hypothesis of some spiritual emanation casting, as it were, the "shadows before" our coming friends. I thought it an interesting theory, and imagined that I could recall many instances of this order of presentiment. I gave the doctrine a chance of converting me. For a week I kept psychological watch over my spiritual warnings, but in that time I had drawn so many blanks and never a prize that I went to my friend and advised him to apply my method of investigation. He did so, and the occult emanation hypothesis collapsed. So I suspect would many another theory of tokens and presentiments if we only had half as good a record of the signs which signify nothing and the forewarnings which begin and end with themselves, as we have of those which are—accidentally and exceptionally, I say—followed by events.—*Sylvanus Urban*.

RARE BEN JONSON.

Of the ancestry of Ben Jonson very little is known. His grandfather, whose Christian name is not mentioned, is said to have removed to England from Scotland in the reign of Henry the Eighth, in whose service he entered, in what capacity it is not stated. He is said to have possessed an estate, which descended to his son, whose Christian name also is not mentioned, and who was thrown into prison, when Mary ascended the throne, the estate, of course, being forfeited. He was finally released, and embraced the Church. So Ben, as he told Drummond, was a minister's son. His father never saw him, for he died a month before his birth. He was born in Westminster; but Fuller says with all his industry he could not find him in his cradle, though he could fetch him from his long clothes. When a little child he lived in Hartshorne-lane, near Charing-cross, where his mother married a bricklayer for her second husband. The name of this bricklayer is not known. Mistress Jonson probably married him to better her condition, and to support her boy. He appears to have been poor, and to have put Ben to his own trade. Aubrey says that Ben worked with his step-father upon the garden wall of Lincoln's Inn, on the side next Chancery-lane, and Fuller says that he helped in the structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket.

Jonson's mother must have been a woman of great spirit. She lived to see him acknowledged as a famous poet, and was determined that no harm should befall him, in her lifetime at least. He was in danger of disgrace at one time, and through his own nobility of character. He wrote, in conjunction with Chapman and Marston, the comedy of *Eastward Ho* — an unlucky passage in which was construed into a reflection upon the Scotch. His pedantic Majesty, King James, took offence, and Chapman and Marston were arrested. Jonson was not included in the process, but he accompanied his fellow dramatists to prison, as he considered himself equally responsible with them. It was reported that their ears and noses were to be slit. But this punishment, if ever seriously meditated, was not inflicted. Interest was made in their favour, the biographers say; a second edition of the comedy was issued with the offensive passage omitted, and they were released, wiser, if not sadder men. Jonson celebrated his liberation with a banquet. Selden was there, and Camden, his old master at Westminster—

> "Camden! most reverend head, to whom I owe
> All that I am in arts, all that I know,"—

and among others one whom he must have honoured—his aged mother. She drank to him, and showed him a paper of strong and lusty poison, which she designed to have mixed with his drink, if the sentence had been carried into effect; and, to show him that she was no churl, she designed to have first drank of it herself.—*R. H. Stoddard*.

The Ladies' Own Corner.

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The following extracts are from the *Queen*:

FOULARD SILKS.

Foulard alone, among the many varieties of silk, are to be seen in any fashionable assemblage; and écru foulard, embroidered with white, decidedly bears off the palm in effect and suitability. The fronts of the newest foulard polonaises are embroidered in a wide band, which narrows at the waist; a chatelaine bag of écru-coloured gros-grain, embroidered with white, hangs at the waist; the sleeves are embroidered all over, and the embroidery is a mixture of silk and soutache.

Mme. Vignon makes charming white foulard toilettes, which can be worn both on dressy occasions during the day and for small evening parties. The skirt consists of a plaiting, that commences at the knee, a demi-tunic in front only, and at the back a demi-long train without any pouf or looping up, and made likewise of white foulard. This demi-train is trimmed with slanting barrettes or lines of either black velvet, pink faille, or pale blue faille. A wide sash, tied with a large bow under the basque of the bodice, matches these barrettes in colour. The contrast of the pink silk with the white foulard is the prettier; but black velvet is decidedly the more convenient. The bodice has a cape-collar of the same material as the sash, and there is a double revers on the sleeves, the first being white foulard, the second black velvet or pink silk, as the case may be. A chatelaine bag hangs at the side.

NEW LOUIS XVI. DRESSES.

The new Louis XIV. dresses are very suitable and pretty for country wear. They are white, with alternate transparent and thick stripes, which material is called "*basin*." They will be found useful for wearing out either light silk skirts that have lost their first freshness or dark silk ones that may become old-fashioned by next winter. This silk skirt should be bordered with a thick mossy ruche; the dress itself is cut in the form of a redingote, and reaches to the top of the ruche; it is trimmed with a thick ruche of muslin and Brussels net, which is carried as a double row up the front. At the sides the redingote is looped up *en panier*, the poufs being fastened up with large ribbon bows. Low silk bodice, with a high *basin* bodice above; the latter has basques and narrow sleeves, ornamented at the wrists with a bow. A very short pelerine, trimmed with a ruche, bordered with tulle, and fastened with a ribbon bow. This toilette should be worn with a large Leghorn straw hat of the Marie Antoinette form, with a wreath of either feathers or flowers.

LONG WAIST.

One remarkable trait of present modes, says the *Young Englishwoman*, is that the bodices are made much longer waisted than they have been for some years past. Much greater attention is also paid to the elegance of a small waist than was the case with former styles of costumes. A long bodice requires a slight waist, and so your English amateurs of tight lacing are likely to be gratified once more. The very short corsets worn by Parisennes of late years are probably doomed soon to go out of favour, and many a lady of fashion has already exchanged it for a longer and firmer support to the figure.

PRACTICAL COOKERY.

Bonne Femme Soup: Cut up a good-sized onion into very thin rounds, and place these in a saucepan with a good allowance of butter. Take care not to let the onion get brown, and when it is half done throw in two or three handfuls of sorrel, one lettuce, and a small quantity of chervil, all finely cut; then add pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, and keep stirring until the vegetables are nearly done. Then put in one tablespoonful of pounded loaf sugar, and half a cupful of stock or broth free from fat. Let the mixture reduce nearly to a glaze, when about a quart of stock or broth of the same kind as that used before should be added, and after the soup has given one boil it can be put aside until the time of serving. Meanwhile prepare about a dozen and a half very thin slices of bread about one inch wide and two inches long, taking care that they have a crust along one of their long sides. Dry these slices in the oven. When it is time to send up the soup, first remove the superfluous fat from it, then set it to boil, and when it boils take it off the fire and stir into it the yolks of two or three eggs beaten up with a quarter of a pint of cream or milk. Pour the soup over the slices of bread, and serve in three minutes.

Plain Salad: Wash two heads of lettuces, dry them thoroughly, and break the leaves or cut them into convenient pieces; put the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs into a basin, with a teaspoonful of mustard, pepper and salt to taste, and one tablespoonful of oil; work the mixture into a smooth paste, and add consecutively three tablespoonfuls of oil and two of tarragon vinegar, then add a handful of garden cress, and a little tarragon finely minced, and the whites of the eggs coarsely chopped. The mixture must be well stirred. Lastly, add the lettuce, turn it well over, and serve.

Ramakins: Put 1oz. of butter into a stewpan; when melted, add half a tablespoonful of flour; stir it on the fire for a few minutes, but do not allow it to take colour; add a gill of milk, a pinch of salt, two tablespoonfuls of Parmesan cheese, a little grated nutmeg, and a little cayenne; stir it until it boils, remove it from the fire, and stir in the yolks of three eggs, putting aside the whites in a cool place until near serving time, then whisk them into a stiff froth, stir them lightly into the above mixture, sprinkle a little grated cheese on the top, fill some paper cases with the mixture, and bake in a quick oven 15 minutes.

Flower and Kitchen Garden.

◆

FLOWER GARDEN.

Roses may now be struck in any quantity to secure fine plants on their own roots. Make up a few frames—if with gentle bottom-heat, all the better, but that is not indispensable. There must be six inches of light rich soil in which to dibble the cuttings. Choose short half-ripe shoots for the purpose, and keep them shaded and frequently sprinkled.

Begin at once to make up lists of sorts of bedding plants likely to be required next year, in order to have time to propagate. Put in geranium cuttings in plenty; an open border suffices for them, but keep them regularly watered until they begin to make roots.

Lobelia pumila magnifica is a dwarf bedding lobelia, exhibited by the Pine-apple Nurser Company at the Rose Show at South Kensington, and is unquestionably the most important of the many lobelias introduced of late years. As exhibited, it attains a height and diameter of five or six inches, and in outline assumes the form of a large ball, with the upper half thickly studded with flowers. The colour of the flowers is a deep indigo-blue, and as there are no conspicuous eyes to mar the general effect, a solid mass or band will tell in a wonderful manner. For a second line it may be considered one of the most valuable bedders of the season, and likely to put a considerable number of the most popular lobelias on one side. It must not be considered as superseding pumila grandiflora, as it is quite distinct from that variety both in colour and growth.

Conservatory will now need a revision, and a general change of occupants. Liliums and gladioli will now come in, and make a fine show with first-class annuals and fuchsias. Specimen trees and climbers to be stopped and trained in, to assist ripening of the wood.

Sow herbaceous calceolarias seed without loss of time, using light rich soil. Place the pans in a cold frame, and keep shaded.

Many choice plants are now ripening their seeds, and whatever is required must be secured in time. Generally it is safest to gather the seed before it is scattered and lost. Cut off bunches with a portion of stem attached, and spread them on cloths, under cover, to dry for a day or two, and then put them in the full sun to harden. A shelf in a greenhouse is the best place, because there is less fear of their being scattered by wind. Label all seeds when gathered, to prevent mistakes.

KITCHEN GARDEN

During dry weather clear off exhausted crops of peas and beans, dig the ground deep, and manure liberally. During showery weather plant out winter greens of all kinds. Be careful in transplanting not to bruise the leaves of the plants.

Early planted-out crops of celery may now be earthed up, but do this when the plants are quite dry

Endive to be sown again, and strong plants in early seed-beds to be planted out.

Cauliflowers and broccolis can be got out now on ground cleared of peas and beans. Trench deep, and mix the manure with the soil, so that it is evenly distributed throughout the mass.

Onions lifted may in a few days be taken up and laid in the sun to dry. If the weather is wet, spread them in a shed, or on some dry mats in spare frames. In some country places they finish off the onions for storing by placing them in a baker's oven after the bread is drawn. This is a very good plan, and a pretty certain remedy for bull-necks, and a green soft condition; but it is not likely any crops will require to be artificially ripened this season.

Shallots should be taken up as soon as the bulbs are ripe; if left in the ground, they will be injured by the autumnal rains. This remark applies especially to damp and low-lying soils.

Make ready a sufficient number of beds for the winter crops of spinach as soon as possible, in order to be ready to sow early in August. The soil should be rich, and the position chosen, if possible, should lie high and dry.

Melons in frames need a brisk bottom-heat to ripen the fruit, and to be kept rather dry. Those swelling fruit to be encouraged with a lining and a moderate amount of atmospheric moisture. Keep the vines regularly trained, so that the leaves are exposed to light, as wherever they are crowded the fruit will be found to damp off.

Strawberries to be potted as soon as rooted, as they make roots faster in pots than in the open ground; and should we have a chilly autumn, a few of the best of the plants can be kept under glass to ripen their crowns. Lay a few more of the best runners in pots, cut away all weak runners, and supply water liberally to runners and old stools.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

A GOOD anecdote is told of two friends who met, and referred to the illness of a third. "Poor Michael Hogan! Faith, I'm afraid he's going to die?" "And why would he die?" "Oh, he's got so thin! You're thin enough, and I'm thin—but, by my sowl, Michael Hogan is thinner than both of us put together!"

Women's Rights Last Century.

In turning through some files of old newspapers, we have been surprised to notice that the question as to the propriety of women taking a more prominent part in public affairs was quite as diligently discussed a century ago as it is nowadays. A few extracts which we have made will furnish somewhat curious illustrations of this. The *Morning Post* of April 14, 1780, contains the following announcement:

"Casino, No. 43, Great Marlborough-street, this evening, the 14th inst., will commence the First Session of the Female Parliament. The Debate to be carried on by ladies only, and a lady to preside in the chair. Question: Is that assertion of Mr. Pope's founded in justice, which says, 'Every woman is at heart a rake?' On the Sunday evening a theological question is to be discussed."

In succeeding issues of the paper, formal reports of the proceedings of this parliament in petticoats are published—such as Friday, April 21st: "The Speaker having taken the chair, it was resolved *nem. con.* that the assertion of Mr. Pope's, which says 'Every woman is at heart a rake,' is not founded in justice. A member presented to the House several petitions from men milliners, men mantua-makers, &c., &c., against a bill entitled 'An Act to prevent men from monopolising women's professions.' Resolved that said bill and said petitions be considered."

"Such is the universal rage for public speaking," writes the *Morning Post*, of May 20, 1780, "that the Honourable Mrs. L——, possessed of no less than two thousand pounds a year, constantly speaks at the Casino Rooms on the nights of the ladies' debates."

In the *Morning Post* of March 9, 1781, we meet with this report: "La Belle Assemblée—Budget. The opening of the Budget, and the debate which ensued upon the taxes that were proposed by the female Premier, as the Ways and Means for procuring the supplies for the present year afforded such high and uncommon amusement to the numerous and splendid company in the Rooms that a general request was made that, on the subsequent Friday, the Ladies should resume the consideration of the Budget, in preference to the question given out from the chair. In obedience, therefore, to the desire of the public, the Ladies mean this evening to resume the debate on the following taxes, viz.:

"1. Old maids and bachelors over a certain age.

"2. On men milliners, men mantua-makers, men marriage-brokers.

"3. On female foxes, female dragoons, female playwrights, and females of all descriptions who usurp the occupations of the men, &c., &c.

In 1788 an advertisement appears of the proposed opening, on March 17th, of Rice's elegant room (late Hickford's), Brewer-street, Golden-square, for public debates by ladies only. The first subject suggested seems quite as comprehensive on the subject of women's rights as the most zealous advocate of them in our own day could desire. This is it: "Do not the extraordinary abilities of the ladies in the present age demand academical honours from the Universities, a right to vote at elections, and to be returned members of Parliament?"—*The Academy*.

Nick-Nacks.

◆

HABBIE GOWK'S lameness interfered with his progress; he got a donkey for a few shillings, and so he was enabled to travel throughout the country, independent and happy. He wrote ballads—they were printed at the office of the *Kingshaven Gazette*, on long strips of paper—and his pockets stuffed with bundles of his own "making," he wandered about from house to house, and from fair to fair, selling his ballads at a penny apiece. Habbie, his donkey "Beattie" (named after "the Minstrel"), and his verses were recognised as a part of all the local gatherings, into the midst of which he rode always with the same song—

> "I'm Habbie Gowk o' Rowanden;
> Here's ballants for the maids and men,
> I wrat 'em wi' my ain pen."

On occasion he was ready enough with sly retort. At the house of a farmer, who soon after the death of his first wife had taken for his second spouse a woman who was a "manager"—that is, extremely stingy—and who covered her stinginess with extreme piety; the mistress entered the kitchen where Habbie, as a matter of course, was about to take his kail with the ploughmen. She was not pleased by the appearance of this ungodly interloper, and she insisted upon hearing the men say grace before they begun their meal. Habbie got up, and, remembering the guid wife who was no more, said—

> "Guid and gracious, she is gane,
> Proud and saucy she's come hame;
> Cauld kail and little bread—
> Oh, guid gracious that she was dead!"

—*C. Gibbon.*

TOKENS continued in circulation from about 1648 until the issue of Royal copper money in 1672. It is probable that considerably over ten thousand varieties were in existence at this time. That this popular money was issued mainly for the convenience of the poor, is manifest by many of the mottoes on the tokens. On the town-piece of Oundle, we read: "For the Use of the Poor;" on those of Limerick and Tamworth: "Change and Charitie;" that of Andover: "Remember the Poor;" and on that of Lichfield:

> To supply the poors need
> Is charity indeed.

Amongst other inscriptions, these are frequently found: "For change, not fraud;" "For the poores advantage;" "I am for a publique good;" "I am for better cheng." One sentimental trader has on his token the device of two pigeons cooing, with the motto: "Good-morrow, Valentine." Many pieces have patriotic and loyal inscriptions, as: "Fear God, and honour the King;" "Long live the King;" "Rather dead than disloyal." An Irish token has: "The diligent hand maketh rich;" and on another: "Teperary will change them again."

"TALK of opening oysters!" said old Hurricane, "why nothing's easier, if you only know how." "And how's how?" inquired Starlight. "Scotch snuff," answered old Hurricane, very sententiously—"Scotch snuff. Bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off." "I know a genius," observed Meister Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the centre, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico—sometimes a legend of his loves—sometimes a marvellous stock operation in Wall-street. As he proceeds, the 'natives' get interested—one by one they gape with astonishment at the tremendous and direful whoppers which are poured forth; and as they gape, my friend whips 'em out, peppers 'em, and swallows 'em." "That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh. "I wish we had a bushel of them here now—they'd open easy."

EVERY parish in olden times had its stocks. "Coming home to-night," writes Pepys, "a drunken boy was carried by our constable to our new pair of stocks to handsel them." They were generally erected near the churchyard, or by the roadside, a little way out. Driving along a country road, one may often come upon such a relic of the past, nearly hidden by weeds of many years' growth. London, of course, was liberally provided for in this way: writing in 1630, Taylor the Water-poet says:

> In London, and within a mile, I ween,
> There are of jails or prisons full eighteen;
> And sixty whipping-posts and stocks and cages.

A GOOD story is told of George White, a notorious thief, in Worcester Co., Mass. He was once arraigned for horse-stealing, when it was supposed he was connected with an extensive gang, which was laying contributions upon all the stables round about. Many inducements were held out to White to reveal the names of his associates, but he maintained a dogged silence. An assurance from the Court was at last obtained that he should be discharged, upon which he made oath to reveal all he knew of his accomplices. The jury were accordingly suffered to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," when he was called upon for the promised revalations. "I shall be faithful to my word," said he; "understand then that the devil is the only accomplice I ever had. We have been a great while in partnership—you have acquitted me, and you may hang him if you can catch him."

TRUTH WILL OUT.—A Mr. Herbert, a county comedian of some celebrity, when a child, and just able to speak sufficiently for the stage, represented the part of the juvenile "Duke of York" in *Richard III*. When he should have said—"Oh! mother, mother!" he made a pause. The daughter of Melpomene, who acted the "Queen," gave him the sentence several times, to which he at last replied—"Mother! you're not my mother. Give me my leather breeches, and let me go home."

FOOTE, who was ever in the two extremes of fortune, now exalted to the top of the wheel, and anon, prostrated at the bottom, happened to be in the latter situation, when he and Macklin once happened to meet. They were in the Bedford Coffee-house when Foote, perhaps, to keep up the appearance of prosperity, at least, was every now and then displaying a fine gold repeater, which he kept dangling in his hand, or putting to his ear. At last he suddenly exclaimed, "Zounds! my watch is *stopped!*" "Pho! pho!" said Macklin, "never mind that, Sam; you may depend upon it, it will soon *go*."

IT is not an uncommon thing for advertisers to attempt poetry. As we all know, such effusions are generally miserable failures; but occasionally one appears which is worthy of notice. The "cure-all" vender was something of a wit, as well as a rhymester, who wrote:

> "The mill of the gods grinds slowly,
> But it grinds exceedingly small;
> I'm bound to sell my liniment,
> For twenty cents—bottle and all."

Still more ingenious, though perhaps less elegant in diction, is the soap-man who presses the pagan divinities into service in blazoning the value of his merchandise:

> "Mars summoned Mercury one eve,
> Ere he to visit Venus went,
> And bade him fair Olympus leave
> For a far-distant continent.
> 'Go,' said the god, 'to Manayunk,
> And thence to Philadelphia fly:
> Get me of Crystal Soap a chunk—
> They say it's 'just the thing for high.'
> Beauty this night to me must yield—
> I want the soap to scrub my shield.'"

What airy lightness and excruciating travesty we have in the two following:

> "Oh, come into the garden, Maud,
> And sit beneath the rose,
> And see me prance around the beds,
> Dressed in my Sunday clothes.
>
> "Oh, come and bring your uncles, Maud,
> Your sisters and your aunts,
> And tell them Johnson made my coat,
> My waistcoat and my pants."
>
> "Gayly young Ferguson,
> Bought his cigar—
> Bought it at Mulligan's,
> Where the best are.
>
> "When he wants fine-cut, or
> Snuff for his nose,
> Gayly young Ferguson
> Purchases those."

A GENTLEMAN seeing an Irishman staggering homeward from a fair, and observing to him: "Ah, Darby, I'm afraid you'll find the road your going is rather a longer one than you think." "Sure, your honour," he replied, "it's not the length of the road I care about, it's the *breadth* of it is destroyin' me." And again, in the Bog of Aughrim, in the last century, plenty of gun-barrels used to be found as a memento of its great battle, and there was a blacksmith who dug them up in order to make use of their material. On one occasion one of them exploded in his furnace, when he exclaimed: "Bad luck to your love of murther! isn't the battle of Aughrim out of you yet?"

EVEN in Shakespeare's time proverbs must have been tabooed in good society, for he makes Coriolanus, who is a very aristocratic personage, express himself in this wise:

> Hang 'em!
> They said they were an-hungry, sighed forth proverbs—
> That "Hunger broke stone walls;" that "Dogs must eat;"
> That "Meat was made for mouths;" that "The gods sent not
> Corn for the rich men only." With these shreds
> They vented their complainings.

MANY of the ordinary sayings of the Irish have an imaginative quality. As, for instance, when they say of a man who is irretrievably ruined: "Saltpetre wouldn't save him, and that is a strong pickle;" or when they would advise another to avoid arrest: "Be off while your shoes are good!" or, as they delicately say of an elderly lady, whose number of years they forbear to mention: "A kitten of her age wouldn't play with a cork."

ROBIN CARRICK was at one time manager of the famous "Ship Bank," in Glasgow. He was waited upon one day by a spruce young customer, with a number of bills to discount. They seemed all to pass current, with the exception of one, the largest in amount. Robin shook his head. "Oh, you need not hesitate about him, Mr. Carrick," said the intending discounter, "for he has started, and keeps his carriage." "Ou ay," replied the banker, "that may be; but the question wi' me is, can he keep his feet?"

THE Mystery of Ashleigh Grange.

(Continued from Page 5.)

And while that good old lady is thus quietly dozing into dreamland, on the same premises, through adjacent scenes, Reginald and Mina wandered.

For their's was no common earth. Hand in hand they, too, were in fairyland, building imaginary castles with pearly gates and jaspar pillars. Floating on—ever floating towards the awakening that waits every couple in the world—wandering on and on till they reached the land of enchantment, and the sea of trouble intervened with its black waters between them, and the golden country of hope.

They were sitting together looking over the lawn, silent but very eloquent, notwithstanding, for Reginald Ashleigh was a very noble man, and Mina knew it well.

There was a shyness about her every movement on this lovely evening—a restless feeling at her heart.

She could only sit still by an effort that was almost painful in its intensity.

Now and again she looked up at her lover, studying him as it were, as she would have done a grand picture had it been on the easel before her.

Presently he spoke, as though in response to her thoughts.

"Mina," he whispered, "shall we stroll through the plantation?"

She did not reply in words, but loosed her hold of his hand gradually and reluctantly, and with a little nod of grave delight flitted from the room.

Reginald stepped into the hall, and took his hat from the stand.

He picked up a stick, too, mechanically, and drummed away at the side of his foot musing meanwhile.

His great thought just now was of Philip.

There had been in the days of their youth a great love between the two lads. The passionate speech of the younger—Quixotic and absurd as it often appeared to the elder brother—nevertheless endeared him to the more thoughtful and discreet first-born son.

And this affection smote Reginald to-night with a force that was unaccountable.

His heart went out to the poor, shabby man, so miserably clad, so handsome and proud in his wretched poverty, as it had never done before.

"I hope," he soliloquised softly, with a kindly smile on his features, "he *will* give me the chances to make amends for my father's mistake; for it was an error," he continued, thoughtfully, "though on the face of it the governor might have seen that justice from which the best of us shrink."

He shook his head solemnly, and raised his eyes as he heard the rustle of garments on the stairs.

He went forward a few paces, and Mina placed her tiny-gloved hand on his arm.

They were out in the open presently, with the perfume of the autumn flowers and the faint scent of the falling leaf filling the air.

For a good hundred yards, as they wandered on through the glade, not a word was spoken.

Then as the path narrowed, and Mina clung to him, she glanced up and spoke in a sweet low voice of music, exquisitely touching.

"Reginald," she said.

He peered at her as she gazed up into his face, straight into the truthful, trusting eyes.

He could read the book of her life so clearly—could see the pure white page with their regular markings of incident, day by day, always good, for ever with the beacon-light of duty shining before her, and his thoughts were tinged and coloured with a grateful peace.

She had never surely looked so beautiful as she did in this early twilight—a golden picture in an ebon setting.

"Reginald," she commenced, rather hesitatingly; "what were you saying as I came downstairs? Do you know, I fancy I caught the name of Philip."

"And your fancy did not mislead you, darling," he responded, "I *was* speaking of him. I have thought of him ever since the will was read. He has never been so near and dear to me as he is at this moment. Poor boy," he continued, pityingly, "he has been led away, perhaps, and the glamour of a false life and unreal enjoyment is heavy upon him; but I hope the cloud will pass away."

"I should like to give him Slingsby Dyke," said Mina, earnestly. "It is mine to give, you know, dear Reginald, but——"

She turned her head and fidgetted uneasily.

"A terrible word, pet," interposed Reginald—"that everlasting hateful conjunction "*but.*"

He smiled faintly as he spoke, and Mina faced him again.

Her cheeks were scarlet, her pretty lips trembled, and Reginald stopped suddenly.

"What is the matter, Mina?" he enquired with a lover's solicitude.

She did not answer, and he drew her to him, and kissed her tenderly, as he might have done an idolised child.

"Now, Mina," he resumed, "now for the 'but.'"

They had halted by the side of a thick holly hedge—one of the sights of Ashleigh at Christmastide. Even now, with its dark green leaves and whisper of the rising breeze, it was a feature in the woodland landscape not unworthy of attention.

Mina glanced around nervously, and spoke just above her breath, in one of those audible whispers more distinct than a semi-tone.

"His wife, Reginald; his wife!"

"Ah! I had forgotten," he returned; "but what of her?"

"You know," she replied, "you said we could not receive her."

"I did," rejoined Reginald; "but you made me no direct reply; so therefore, dear, tell me now what of her."

"Do you not really know what she was and is?" Mina asked shrinkingly.

"Indeed I do not," her lover replied. "I only heard that Philip had married far beneath his station, and my informant was about to give further particulars of the 'wretched affair,' as he termed it; but I was so shocked at the news that I cared not for further information upon the matter. But now, dear Mina, if you know aught about it, tell me—who was she?"

"A dancer—a ballet-girl!"

"A ballet-girl?" echoed Reginald.

"Yes," replied Mina; "and how could we have such a one for a neighbour and relative? The whole country would mock and jeer; and Slingsby would be deserted and despised—a very plague-spot.

Reginald staggered back and looked at Mina with wide open incredulous eyes.

"A dancing girl!" he exclaimed, scornfully, "the madman. My brother, Philip Ashleigh, of Ashleigh Grange, married to a ballet-girl!"

He leaned against the trunk of a large beech tree, and a great lump came into his throat. For the first time since he had arrived at manhood the tears of vexation came into his eyes.

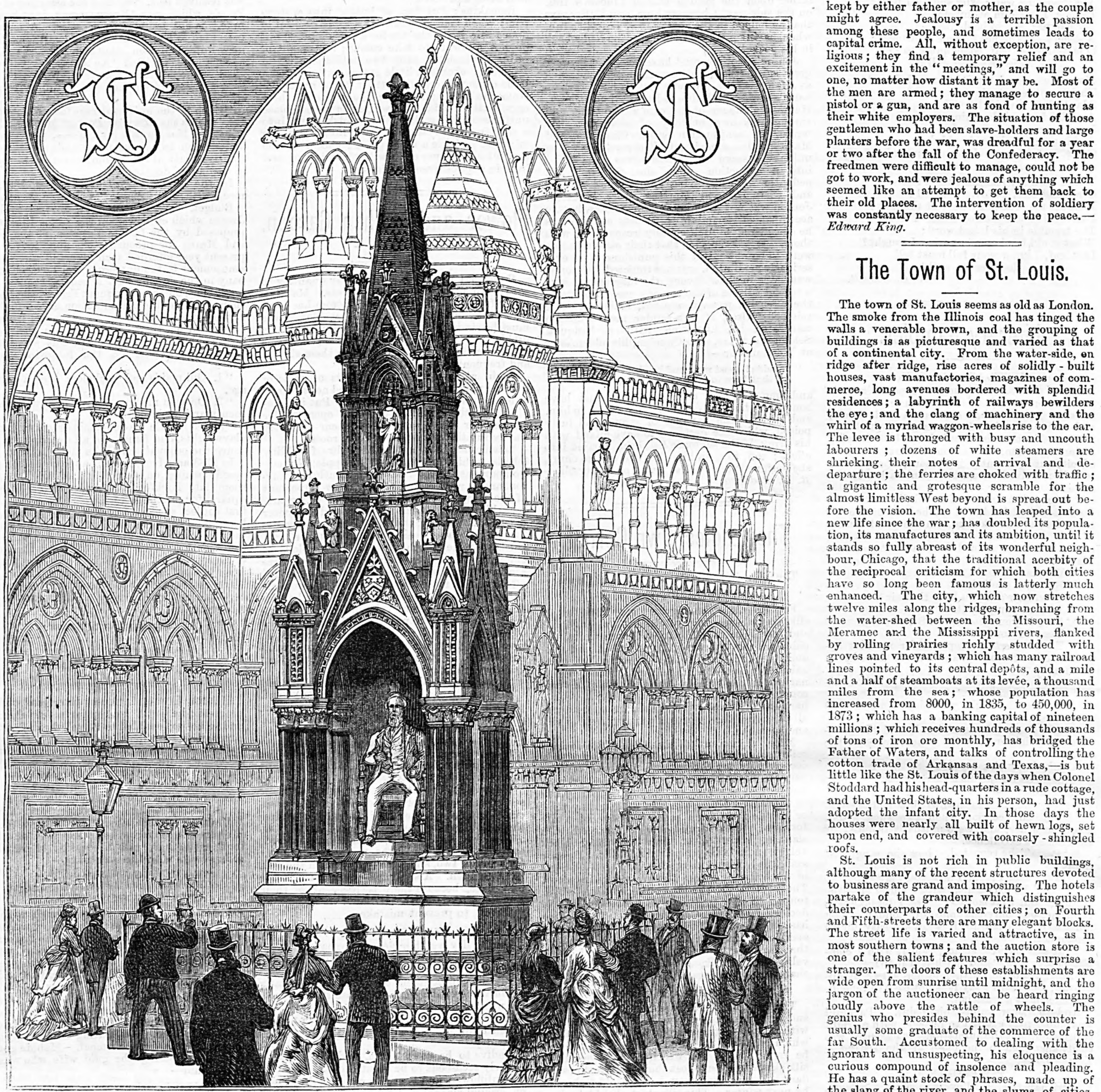
Mortification, regret, shame—these were his feelings now.

He had read of good, virtuous women "on the stage"—had paused with critical thoughts passing through his mind as he scanned the pages of actresses who had become worthy wives and mothers. He had a dim and foggy remembrance of a few who had married dukes and lords, and who had led "ton," and given to the world some of its brightest ornaments. He had hitherto looked upon all this as perilous and exciting romance; but in all his reading he had never heard of a ballet dancer attaining this high honour.

So he was very wroth indeed—sore at heart and bitter.

There was no hope for Philip in the county after this. Happiness might still be his, if he loved that poor Netty, who was lying at the dingy lodging in Church-street, Lambeth, so feverish because Philip did not come to her. With her as his wife, however, he must live in banishment from Ashleigh.

"He would be welcome himself," thought Reginald; "but a dancer at the theatre——"



MEMORIAL TO SIR TITUS SALT.

He shuddered as he turned to Mina.

"They must remain in London" he said gravely, "or retire where the wife is not known. I will give Philip an income; but I cannot consent for you to present him with Slingsby Dyke. For aught I know," he concluded solemnly, "this unfortunate connection of Philip's—this painted, powdered doll—may fancy turning the old place into a way-side inn, and serve imaginary customers at the bar."

There was a perfect rush at the hedge at this juncture, and a low growl as of some savage dog or wild animal was distinctly heard.

Mina clung to Reginald and shivered.

"What was that?" she whispered quickly.

Silently Reginald stepped into the path, and parted the bushes right and left.

A light rustle of the leaves, a crackling of the branches, these were the only sounds to be heard. There were no visible signs of aught else.

With a sigh of relief he returned to Mina's side.

"Well, dear," she queried; "did you see anything?"

"No," he answered confidently; "it was a fox, without doubt, searching for prey."

"Let us go in," said Mina, shuddering. "I feel so cold."

"Then some one is walking over your grave, Mina," observed Reginald with a sad smile.

She clasped both her hands on his arm as he spoke thus.

"Don't, dear; how you frighten me, and how dark it has grown. Oh, Reginald, you didn't mean that?"

"Of course not, darling," he soothingly said; "it is an old woman's story—a silly superstition which men well remember and quote, and sensible people half believe in; but there is nothing in it."

They moved on now. Half-an-hour since the woods looked tempting and beautiful in their fulness of leaf and branch: now the moon showed through the openings a huge ball of fire; the sun had sunk into the west, leaving a faint track of crimson and amythest, flecked here and there with tender grey fleecy cloud.

They reached the hall, both occupied with thoughts not altogether pleasant and comforting.

This episode of real life—this dash of cold water on the sunny imagination of romance—the picture each conjured up and saw in detail of Philip's wife on the boards of a theatre—these had such weight and influence that even the selfishness of love was for the moment forgotten, and Mina felt a woman—a plotting scheming woman, rather than the young girl of a few short days ago.

As they passed the threshold a vivid blush lit up her cheeks. She had been wondering whether it could be managed—how it would turn out if she gave up the rents of Slingsby to Philip on condition that Mrs. Philip Ashleigh never came into the neighbourhood of the Grange.

She felt ashamed at the thought; but she could not feel otherwise.

Philip Ashleigh's wife, the dancer, the ballet girl, must for all times be a stranger to her.

Little did she dream of the shadows looming up before all those connected with the name of the Ashleighs of Ashleigh Grange.

They were in the lobby of the hall by this, and the mellow lamp shed a soft glow on the black dress and jet ornaments of Reginald's betrothed bride.

The feeling of home sickness somehow had never been so strongly felt by the orphan girl as it was this night—she yearned for a mother to whom she could kneel and pray and confer with on this eventful night.

Her eyes were moist as Reginald bent over and unfastened her shawl.

He touched her ever so gently and lightly.

They were alone, and he pressed his lips to her white forehead.

"God bless you, my precious," he said fervently.

"And you, too, Reginald." she returned, looking at him fondly. "Why where is your stick?" she asked suddenly.

"By Jove, I am glad you noticed it, Mina. I would not lose it on any account; it is one that Philip fashioned as a sort of life-preserver, or to be used against burglars; and which poor old dad used to say would one day lead to trouble. But I'll e'en run back to the holly walk and get it," he continued smilingly, "Good night dearest and best. Heaven bless and keep you.'

"I shall sleep with Mrs. Lachbury, Reginald," said Mina, brightly, "for I am timid to-night, brave as I have been since dear uncle died."

The young man smiled happily.

"Do so," he said; "and pleasant dreams."

Then a loving kiss, and a gentle whisper; and Mina ran away shaking her finger half defiantly as she stood on the bottom stair.

The funeral was over; and why should these young lovers sorrow as those without hope?

In another moment she was gone. He lit a cigar at the lamp, and sallied forth; but her vision, as he last saw her, was before him.

And why should it not be? They were young, and on the threshold of life; but Reginald was near, very near indeed to a greater mystery than the existence of "the man with the iron mask."

He was on his way to search for his stick—was humming an old song of his childhood, "Slumber, my darling;" and slight as the web that stretches from bush to bush to hold the dew, as pendant diamonds in the early morn, a silken thread was around his feet, and he was journeying on a life chase.

He reached the holly-bush walk—stood under the beech-tree—and again the ominous sound that had so startled Mina caused him to bend his ear and listen intently.

He remembered this afterwards. How his nerves were braced up—that his heart beat loud and fast—but very strong and brave withal; while the stick he was in search of—that formidable life-preserver—lay in the path, the points of lead, and fantastic arrangement of nails on its handle, glittered and glistened red as blood in the moonlight.

(To be continued.)

Negroes in South Carolina.

The lowland negro of South Carolina has a barbarous dialect, which no external influences have as yet impressed in the slightest degree; the English words seem to tumble all at once from his mouth, and to get sadly mixed whenever he endeavours to speak. The phraseology is usually so odd, too, that even after the stranger has become a little accustomed to the thick tones of the voice and the awkward enunciation, he cannot readily understand. Certainly, a Virginian negro from the town could not comprehend these low-country people at all, until his ear had become habituated to the apparent mumbling. The children of the planters, brought up on the plantations, and allowed to run in the woods with the little negroes, acquired the same dialect; and to-day many a gentleman's son regrets that it is apparent in his speech. These negroes also have their peculiar religious superstitions and ceremonies. I repeatedly asked planters in Beaufort and Charleston counties if the negroes there had changed much in manners and habits since their slave days, and the invariable answer was "No!" They have learned to understand that the vote gives power; they find work in large bands together on the rice plantations distasteful to them, and they are perfectly happy when they succeed in obtaining an acre or two of land, and in erecting a cabin. To own a mule is the acme of bliss. The men and women still maintain their old-time servility toward their former masters. When they meet them on the roads the men always touch their hats, and the women, no matter how huge the basket they may happen to be carrying upon their heads, courtesy profoundly. The word "mas'r" is still used, being so intimately associated in the negro's mind with certain individuals, that he has no inclination to drop it. The friendliest exterior relations are maintained between ex-master and ex-slave, as a rule; and the white conservatives sometimes bitterly regret that they did not come boldly forward, at the outset of reconstruction, and themselves guide the negro votes.

There are honourable exceptions to all the general criticisms which may be made upon the character of the lowland negro; but as a mass, the race is really very degraded. It is making gradual progress toward a condition of independence; yet ignorance and irresponsibility are still dense. The marriage relation is almost unknown in many of the lowland counties; men and women live together so long as they can agree, and are called husband and wife. Passing through a rice field one morning, in which there were, perhaps, four hundred black men and women at work, I requested the owner of the plantation, whom I accompanied, to ask four men, who were sitting by a rice stack, awaiting a barge, some leading questions calculated to throw light on their morality. Each of the four had had two "wives," as they termed it; one of the elder ones had had four. The causes of separation were various—infidelity, abuse, a hasty word, or laziness. The children who were the fruit of these careless unions were kept by either father or mother, as the couple might agree. Jealousy is a terrible passion among these people, and sometimes leads to capital crime. All, without exception, are religious; they find a temporary relief and an excitement in the "meetings," and will go to one, no matter how distant it may be. Most of the men are armed; they manage to secure a pistol or a gun, and are as fond of hunting as their white employers. The situation of those gentlemen who had been slave-holders and large planters before the war, was dreadful for a year or two after the fall of the Confederacy. The freedmen were difficult to manage, could not be got to work, and were jealous of anything which seemed like an attempt to get them back to their old places. The intervention of soldiery was constantly necessary to keep the peace.—*Edward King.*

The Town of St. Louis.

The town of St. Louis seems as old as London. The smoke from the Illinois coal has tinged the walls a venerable brown, and the grouping of buildings is as picturesque and varied as that of a continental city. From the water-side, on ridge after ridge, rise acres of solidly-built houses, vast manufactories, magazines of commerce, long avenues bordered with splendid residences; a labyrinth of railways bewilders the eye; and the clang of machinery and the whirl of a myriad waggon-wheels rise to the ear. The levee is thronged with busy and uncouth labourers; dozens of white steamers are shrieking their notes of arrival and departure; the ferries are choked with traffic; a gigantic and grotesque scramble for the almost limitless West beyond is spread out before the vision. The town has leaped into a new life since the war; has doubled its population, its manufactures and its ambition, until it stands so fully abreast of its wonderful neighbour, Chicago, that the traditional acerbity of the reciprocal criticism for which both cities have so long been famous is latterly much enhanced. The city, which now stretches twelve miles along the ridges, branching from the water-shed between the Missouri, the Meramec and the Mississippi rivers, flanked by rolling prairies richly studded with groves and vineyards; which has many railroad lines pointed to its central depôts, and a mile and a half of steamboats at its levée, a thousand miles from the sea; whose population has increased from 8000, in 1835, to 450,000, in 1873; which has a banking capital of nineteen millions; which receives hundreds of thousands of tons of iron ore monthly, has bridged the Father of Waters, and talks of controlling the cotton trade of Arkansas and Texas,—is but little like the St. Louis of the days when Colonel Stoddard had his head-quarters in a rude cottage, and the United States, in his person, had just adopted the infant city. In those days the houses were nearly all built of hewn logs, set upon end, and covered with coarsely-shingled roofs.

St. Louis is not rich in public buildings, although many of the recent structures devoted to business are grand and imposing. The hotels partake of the grandeur which distinguishes their counterparts of other cities; on Fourth and Fifth-streets there are many elegant blocks. The street life is varied and attractive, as in most southern towns; and the auction store is one of the salient features which surprise a stranger. The doors of these establishments are wide open from sunrise until midnight, and the jargon of the auctioneer can be heard ringing loudly above the rattle of wheels. The genius who presides behind the counter is usually some graduate of the commerce of the far South. Accustomed to dealing with the ignorant and unsuspecting, his eloquence is a curious compound of insolence and pleading. He has a quaint stock of phrases, made up of the slang of the river, and the slums of cities, and he begins by placing an extravagant price upon the article which he wishes to sell, and then decreasing its value until he brings it down to the range of his customers. On Saturday evenings the street life is as animated as that of a European city. In the populous quarters the Irish and Germans throng the sidewalks, marketing and amusing themselves until midnight; and in the fashionable sections the ladies, seated in the porches and on the front doorsteps of their mansions, receive their visits of their friends. A drive through dozens of streets in the upper portion of the city discloses hundreds of groups of ladies and gentlemen thus seated in the open air, whither they have transferred the etiquette of the parlour. A far more delightful and agreeable social freedom prevails in the city than in any eastern community. The stranger is heartily welcome, and the fact that most of the ladies have been educated both in the East and the West, and acquiring the culture of the former, and the frankness and cordiality of the latter, adds a charm both to their conversation and their beauty. At the more aristocratic and elegant of the German beer gardens, such as "Uhrig's" and "Schneider's," the representatives of many prominent American families may be seen on the concert evenings, drinking the amber fluid, and listening to the music of Strauss, of Gungl, or Meyerbeer. Groups of elegantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen resort to the gardens in the same manner as do the denizens of Dresden and Berlin, and no longer regard the custom as a dangerous German innovation. The German element in St. Louis is powerful, and has for the last thirty years been merging in the American, giving to it many of the hearty features and graces of European life, which have been emphatically rejected by the native population of the more austere Eastern States. In like manner the German has borrowed many traits from his American fellow-citizens, and in another generation the fusion of races will be pretty thoroughly accomplished.—*Scribner.*